

THE
NEW YORK REVIEW
NO. 3:

OF
MORALS.

LONDON:

WILLIAM WOOD.

NO. 1. CORNHILL.

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NEW-YORK READER,

No. 3:

BEING,

SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND POETRY,

FROM

THE BEST WRITERS:

DESIGNED

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.

AND

CALCULATED TO ASSIST THE SCHOLAR IN ACQUIRING THE ART OF READING,

AND AT THE SAME TIME, TO FIX HIS PRINCIPLES,
AND INSPIRE HIM

WITH A LOVE OF VIRTUE.

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Southern District of New-York, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the seventeenth day of December, A. D. 1828, in the fifty-third year of the Independence of the United States of America, Samuel Wood and Sons, of the said District, have deposited in this office, the title of a book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors in the words following to wit :

“ The New-York Reader, No. 3 : being, selections in prose and poetry, from the best writers ; designed for the use of Schools, and calculated to assist the Scholar in acquiring the art of Reading ; and at the same time, to fix his principles and inspire him with a love of Virtue.

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FRED. G. BETTS.

Clerk of the Southern District of New York

In presenting Reader No. 3 to the public, the compiler thinks it unnecessary to say much by way of preface, his plan and motives having been sufficiently explained in the preceding numbers. He has assiduously endeavoured to select such pieces as are rendered proper for youth, not only by correctness of diction and purity of style, but by the moral tendency of the matter itself. He submits it to the examination of those interested in the education of children, not without a hope, that it may prove a useful addition to the many valuable reading books already extant.

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Blessings are upon the head of the just; but violence covereth the mouth of the wicked.

The memory of the just is blessed: but the name of the wicked shall rot.

He that is void of wisdom, despiseth his neighbour: but a man of understanding holdeth his peace.

A tale-bearer revealeth secrets: but he that is of a faithful spirit concealeth the matter.

Where no counsel is, the people fall: but in the multitude of counsellors there is safety.

The merciful man doth good to his own soul: but he that is cruel troubleth his own flesh.

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.

Boast not of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.

Wrath is cruel, and anger outrageous; but who is able to stand before envy?

Faithful are the wounds of a friend; but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful.

The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion.

He that covereth his sins shall not prosper: but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them, shall have mercy.

He that, being often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.

When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice: but when the wicked bear rule, the people mourn.

Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, shall be praised.

Select Sentences and Paragraphs.

THERE is not any revenge more heroic than that which torments envy by doing good.

There is no greater sign of a mean and sordid spirit, than to dote upon riches; nor is any thing more magnificent, than to lay them out freely in acts of bounty and liberality.

Money, like manure, does no good till it is spread. There is no real use of riches, except it be in the distribution.

The best way to humble a proud man is to take no notice of him.

If money be not thy servant, it will be thy master. The covetous man cannot so properly be said to possess wealth, as wealth may be said to possess him.

Hopes and fears checker human life. He that wants hope is the poorest man living.

None should despair; for God can help them. none should presume; for God can cross them.

A man cannot be truly happy here, without a well grounded hope of being happy hereafter.

There is but one way of fortifying the soul against all gloomy presages, and terrors of mind; and that is, securing to ourselves the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events. and governs futurity.

Amongst all virtues, humility, though the lowest, is pre-eminent. It is the safest, because, it is always at anchor; and that man may be truly said to live with most content in his calling, who strives to live within the compass of it.

Proud men have no friends in prosperity, because, they know nobody; nor in adversity, because, nobody knows them.

He who thinks no man above him, but for his virtue, none below him, but for his vice, can never be obsequious nor assuming in a wrong place.

We shall naturally feel much concern when we look at our losses; but if we consider how little we deserve what is left, our murmurs will be converted into thankfulness.

The discontents of the poor are much easier allayed than those of the rich.

A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body. It preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions which can possibly befall us.

If we should look with as much compassion on the adversities of some as we do with envy at the prosperity of others, every man would find cause to sit down contentedly with his own burden.

The greater a man is, the more need he hath of a friend, and the more difficulty there is in finding and knowing him.

Wise men are instructed by reason; men of less understanding, by experience; the most ignorant, by necessity; and beasts, by nature.

It may be safely affirmed, that good men generally reap more substantial benefit from their afflictions, than bad men do from their prosperity; that what they lose in wealth, pleasure, or honour, they gain with great advantage in wisdom, and goodness, and tranquillity of mind.

Prosperity is not without its troubles, nor adversity without its comforts.

Friendship improves happiness, and abates misery by doubling our joy, and dividing our grief.

A man may have a thousand intimate acquaintance, and not a friend among them all. If thou hast one friend, think thyself happy.

Gratitude preserves old friends, and procures new.

It is difficult to act the part of a true friend: for, frequently, by telling him of his failings, we lose his affection: and by remaining silent, we betray our confidence. But we cannot lose a friend in a more honourable way, than in seeking by good will to preserve him.

He that is truly polite, knows how to contradict with respect, and to please without adulation; and is equally remote from insipid complaisance and low familiarity.

Modesty in your discourse will give a lustre to truth, and an excuse to your errors.

It is a sign of wisdom to be willing to receive instruction: the most intelligent sometimes stand in need of it.

Some men extinguish their own genius, by copying and contriving to assume that of others.

Too much asseveration gives ground for suspicion. Truth and honesty have no need of loud protestations.

The greatest wisdom of speech is to know when, and what, and where to speak: the next to it, is silence.

From bad air we take diseases; from bad company, vice and imperfections.

Excess of ceremony shows a want of breeding. That civility is best which excludes all superfluous formality.

There is far more satisfaction in doing good, than in receiving it. To relieve the oppressed is the most glorious act of which a man is capable:

it is in some measure doing the business of Providence ; and is attended with a heavenly pleasure, known to those only who are beneficent and liberal.

He that is sensible of no evil but what he feels, has a hard heart ; and he that can spare no kindness from himself, has a narrow soul.

By compassion, we make others' misery our own : and so by relieving them, we relieve ourselves also.

It is better to be of the number of those who need relief, than of those who want hearts to give it.

Ingratitude is a crime so shameful, that there was never yet one found that would acknowledge himself guilty of it.

He that receives a benefit without being thankful, robs the giver of his just reward. It must be a due reciprocation in virtue that can make the obliger and obliged worthy.

It is the character of an unworthy disposition to write injuries in marble, and benefits in sand.

He who preaches gratitude, pleads the cause of God and man ; for, without it, we can be neither sociable nor religious.

The higher a man is exalted above others in power, the more he should excel them in virtue ; for this reason, Cyrus said, no man ought to govern who was not better than those he governed.

Flattery is like false money ; and if it were not for our own vanity, could never pass in payment.

By endeavouring to purchase the reputation of being witty, men often lose the advantage of being thought wise.

The luxurious live to eat and drink ; but the wise and temperate eat and drink to live.

Let pleasures be ever so innocent, excess in them is always criminal.

Pleasures unduly taken, enervate the soul, and make fools of the wise, and cowards of the brave. A libertine life is not a life of liberty.

The voluptuous consumes his wealth; the miser hides it. It is the wise man only that uses it, and to good purpose.

There is but one solid pleasure in life, and that is doing our duty. How miserable then, how unwise, how unpardonable are they who make that one a pain!

The greatest pleasure wealth can afford, is that of doing good. It is a happy circumstance that a man's pleasure is also his perfection.

All men of estates are, in effect, but trustees for the benefit of the distressed; and will be so reckoned when they are to give an account.

Cast an eye on the vain world, and what see we, for the most part, but a set of emaciated, fluttering, fantastical beings, worn out in the keen pursuit of pleasure; creatures that know, own, condemn, deplore, yet still pursue, their own infelicity; the decayed monuments of error! the thin remains of what is called delight!

If we apply ourselves seriously to wisdom, we shall never live without true pleasure, but shall learn to be pleased with every thing. We shall be pleased with wealth, so far as it makes us beneficial to others; with poverty, for not having too much to care for; and with obscurity, for being unenvied.

Religion is so far from depriving us of any innocent pleasure or comfort of human life, that it purifies the pleasures of it, and renders them more grateful and generous. And besides, it brings

great pleasures of its own; those of a glorious hope, a serene mind, a calm and undisturbed conscience; which far surpass the enjoyments produced by the most studied and artificial luxuries.

Nothing appears so low and mean as lying and dissimulation: and, it is observable, that only weak animals endeavour to supply by craft the defects of strength, which nature has not given them.

Truth may be expressed without art or affectation; but a lie stands in need of both.

Truth is born with us; and we must do violence to our nature, to shake off our veracity.

Such was the ingenuous simplicity of the primitive christians, that they considered it a reproach to be put upon their oaths, thinking it sufficient for a good man to give this assurance of truth, 'I speak truly.' They counted it an impious thing even to dissemble the truth, and scorned to live upon the base terms of being beholden to hypocrisy for their lives.

When a man owns himself to be in an error, he does but tell you in other words, that he is wiser than he was.

A man that does the best he can, does all that he should do.

If a man cannot find ease within himself, it is to little purpose to seek it elsewhere.

Choose that course of life which is the most excellent, and custom will render it the most delightful.

Be always at leisure to do good; never make business an excuse to decline the offices of humanity.

Defer not charities till death; he that doth so, is liberal rather of another man's wealth than of his own.

In the morning, think what thou hast to do; and at night, ask thyself what thou hast done.

Spend the day well, and thou wilt rejoice at night.

Avoid as much as you can the company of all vicious persons whatever; for no vice is alone, and all are infectious.

There are but few who know how to be idle and innocent. By doing nothing, we learn to do ill.

How unreasonable it is, to begin to live only when we can live no longer! That man does not live as he should do, who does not live every day as though it were his last.

The true spirit of religion cheers as well as composes the soul. It is not the business of virtue to extirpate the affections of the mind, but to regulate them.

Though it be a truth very little received, that virtue is its own reward, it surely is an undeniable one, that vice is its own punishment.

Firm faith and true honesty are not to be forced by necessity, nor corrupted by reward.

A little wrong done to another, is a great injury done to ourselves. The severest punishment of an injury, is the consciousness of having done it; and no man suffers more than he that is turned over to the pain of repentance.

Selections from the Psalms.

BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season: his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper. The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

The heavens declare the glory of God: and the firmament showeth his handy work. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes. The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether; more to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey, and the honey-comb. Moreover, by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping them there is great reward.

The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the path of righteousness, for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? When the wicked, even mine enemies and foes, come upon me to cut up my flesh, they stumble and fall.

Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident. One thing have I desired of the Lord, this will I seek after: that I may dwell in the house of the Lord, all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

Fret not thyself because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity. For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb. Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

A little that a righteous man hath, is better than the riches of many wicked.

The steps of a good man are ordered of the Lord; and he delighteth in his way. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the

Lord holdeth him in his hand. I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread. I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay-tree; yet he passed away, and lo, he was not: yea, I sought him, and he could not be found. Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace.

Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth; and thou wilt not deliver him into the will of his enemies. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing: thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness.

They that trust in their wealth, and boast themselves in the multitude of their riches; none of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him.

Be not thou afraid when one is made rich, when the glory of his house is increased; for when he dieth, he shall carry nothing away: his glory shall not descend after him.

My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from him. He only is my rock and my salvation: he is my defence; I shall not be moved. In God is my salvation and my glory: the rock of my strength and my refuge is in God. Trust in him at all times; ye people pour out your hearts before him: God is a refuge for us.

Trust not in oppression, and become not vain in robbery: if riches increase, set not your heart upon them.

He that dwelleth in the secret places of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the

Almighty I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge and my fortress : my God, in him will I trust Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence. He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust : his truth shall be thy shield and buckler. Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night ; nor for the arrow that flieth by day ; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness ; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon-day. Because thou hast made the Lord which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation ; there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths ; their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad, because they be quiet : so he bringeth them into their desired haven. Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works unto the children of men !

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom , a good understanding have all they that do his commandments : his praise endureth forever.

Of God and his Attributes.

THERE is but one God. He made the heaven, and the heaven of heavens, with all their host the earth, and all things that are therein: the seas, and all that is therein. He said, let them be, and it was so. He stretched forth the heavens, and laid the foundation of the earth.

He hath shut up the sea as with doors, and said, hitherto shalt thou come and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed. The Lord is an invisible spirit, in whom we live, and move, and have our being. He is the fountain of life.

He preserveth man and beast. He giveth food to all flesh. In his hand is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind.

The Lord maketh poor and maketh rich. He bringeth low and lifteth up. He killeth and maketh alive. He woundeth and healeth; and not a sparrow falleth to the ground without him. He appointeth the moon for seasons, and the sun knoweth his going down.

He thundereth with his voice, and directeth it under the whole heaven, and his lightning unto the ends of the earth. Fire and hail, snow and vapour, wind and storm, fulfil his word. The Lord is king for ever and ever, and his dominion is an everlasting dominion.

Of Affection and Duty to Parents.

FROM the creatures of God let man learn wisdom, and apply to himself the instruction they

give. Go to the desert, my son, observe the young stork of the wilderness, let him speak to thy heart; he beareth on his wings his aged sire, he lodgeth him in safety, and supplieth him with food.

The piety of a child is sweeter than the incense of Persia: yea, more delicious than odours wafted from a field of Arabian spices, by the gentlest gales. Be grateful then to thy father, for he gave thee life; and to thy mother, for she sustained thee.

Hear the words of his mouth, for they are spoken for thy good: give ear to his admonition, for it proceedeth from love. He hath watched for thy welfare, he hath toiled for thy ease: do honour, therefore, to his age, and let not his gray hairs be treated with disrespect.

Also, forget not thy helpless infancy, nor the frowardness of thy youth, and indulge the infirmities of thy aged parents; assist and support them in the decline of life. So shall their hoary heads go down to the grave in peace; and thine own children, in reverence of thy example, shall repay thy piety with filial love.

Of Cain and Abel.

CAIN and Abel, the first two sons of Adam and Eve, pursued very different employments. Abel was a keeper of sheep: but Cain was a tiller of the ground. Their tempers were as different as their occupations. Abel was a lover of righteousness, and obedient to his parents. Cain was obstinate and wicked; neither fearing God, nor loving man.

It was usual in the infancy of the world, to present oblations to God, the giver of every good gift. When, therefore, the two brothers brought their offerings, the sacrifice of Abel, on account of his piety and goodness, was more acceptable to God than the offering of Cain.

The Lord also condescended to reason with Cain, and to assure him, that if he would be good and righteous, he and his offerings should likewise be accepted.

But, instead of reforming his behaviour and temper, he grew worse and worse. He hated his brother more and more. At length, his malice and anger became so violent, that he "rose up against Abel and slew him."

He flattered himself that there was no witness of his guilt, and that no one would know it. But there is no safety, except in innocence and virtue. Wherever we are, and whatever we do, we are under the immediate eye of God.

The Almighty Judge was a spectator of the crime, and afterwards expostulated with him: "Where is Abel thy brother? What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth from the ground." He then pronounced judgment upon the murderer.

In consequence of which, Cain removed with his wife and children from his habitation; and, having wandered from place to place, "as a fugitive and vagabond," at length settled in the land of Nod. He, however, still carried the mark of his guilt along with him. He was vexed with the horror of conscience within, and calamities without.

He walked upon earth a woful spectacle, labouring under the distemper of a wounded spirit, which no medicine can cure.

Let us guard carefully against the first appearance of hatred and malice, lest they should increase upon us by degrees, and hurry us into the most shocking excesses. "An angry man stirreth up strife, and a furious man aboundeth in transgressions."

Relative Duties.

THE happiness of parents is so connected with the goodness of children, that if they are undutiful, negligent, and wicked, it will make their parents miserable. And can ye, my young friends, bear the thought of making them unhappy, whose sole aim in life is to promote your felicity?

Can you receive with sullenness that advice which is designed entirely for your good? Do they not provide for all your wants? And are you not indebted to their kindness for your food, your clothing, and every convenience which you enjoy?

Obedience to your parents is one of the first duties you can perform in life, and is the only return you can make for those continual favours which you daily receive.

As human nature is subject to many wants the Almighty has ordained that we should live together, and that numbers, by helping each other, should procure those conveniences, which no man alone could obtain.

Every person, therefore, has some duties to perform, which are known by the name of social duties; because, if it were possible for us to live quite alone, those duties could not be exerted.

For, had we no parents, we could not obey them; had we no brothers nor sisters, we could not love them; had we no friends nor instructors, we could not be thankful and attentive to them; and, if we knew no persons who were poor and wretched, we could not be kind and charitable.

The Spring.

COME, let us go forth into the fields, let us see how the flowers spring, let us listen to the warbling of the birds, and seat ourselves upon the bank, viewing the verdure of the new grass.

When winter is over and gone, the buds come out upon the trees, the crimson blossoms of the peach and the nectarine are seen, and the green leaves sprout.

The hedges are bordered with tufts of primroses, and yellow cowslips that hang down their heads; and the blue violet lies hid beneath the shade.

The young goslings run upon the green, when they are just hatched: their bodies are covered with yellow down; the old ones hiss with anger, if any one comes near.

The hen sits upon her nest of straw, she watches patiently the full time, then she carefully breaks the shell, and the little chicken comes out.

The young lambs may be seen in the field, they totter by the side of their dams, their weak limbs can hardly support their weight; but in a little time they skip about. But if they fall, there is

spread under them a carpet of soft grass, on which they may feed in safety.

The butterflies flutter from bush to bush, and open their wings to the warm sun.

The young animals of every kind are sporting about, they seem happy in their situation, they are glad to be alive. If they could speak, they would praise him who made them. The birds can warble, and the young lambs can bleat; but we can open our lips, and ought to speak thankfully of all his goodness.

The trees that blossom, and little lambs that skip about, if they could, they would say how good he is; but they are dumb, let us therefore say it for them.

Providence over All.

BEHOLD the shepherd of the flock, he taketh care for the sheep, he leadeth them among clear brooks, he guideth them to fresh pasture; if the young lambs are weary, he carrieth them in his arms; if they wander, he bringeth them back.

But who is the shepherd's shepherd? who taketh care for him? who guideth him in the path he should go? and if he wander, who shall bring him back?

God is the shepherd's shepherd; he is the shepherd over all; he taketh care for all; the whole earth is his fold; we are all his flock: and every herb, and every green field, is the pasture which he hath prepared for us.

The mother loveth her little child ; she bringeth it up on her knees ; she nourisheth its body with food ; she feedeth its mind with knowledge ; if it is sick, she nurseth it with tender love ; she watcheth over it when asleep ; she teacheth it now to be good : she rejoiceth daily in its growth.

But who is the parent of the mother ? who nourisheth her with good things, and watcheth over her with tender love, and remembereth her every evening and morning ? whose arms are about her to guard her from harm ? and if she is sick, who shall heal her ?

God is the parent of the mother ; he is the parent of all, for he created all. All the men and all the women, who are alive in the wide world, are his children ; he loveth all, he is good to all.

The good king governeth his people in mercy, and love ; he hath a crown put upon his head, and a sceptre in his hand ; he sitteth upon a throne, and sendeth forth his commands ; his subjects fear before him ; if they do well, he endeavoureth to protect them from danger ; if they do evil, he punisheth them.

But who is the sovereign of the king ? who commandeth him what he must do ? whose hand is stretched out to protect him from danger ? and if he doeth evil, who shall punish him ?

God is the sovereign of the king ; he is King of kings, and Lord of lords ; his dominion is over all worlds, and the light of his countenance is upon all his works.

God is our shepherd, therefore we should follow him : He is our father, therefore we should love and obey him : He is our king, therefore we should honour him by being faithful to his laws.

Remarkable account of a Lion and a Dog.

It was customary for those who were unable to pay sixpence for the sight of the wild beasts in the tower, to bring a dog or a cat as a gift to the beasts, in lieu of money, to the keeper.

Among others, a man had brought a pretty black spaniel, which was thrown into the cage of the great lion. Immediately the little animal trembled and shivered, crouched, and threw itself on its back, put forth its tongue, and held up its paws, as if praying for mercy.

In the mean time, the lion, instead of devouring it, turned it over with one paw, and then turned it with the other. He smelled of it, and seemed desirous of courting a further acquaintance.

The keeper, on seeing this, brought a large mess of his own family dinner. But the lion kept aloof, and refused to eat, keeping his eye on the dog, and inviting him, as it were, to be his taster.

At length the little animal's fears being somewhat abated, and his appetite quickened by the smell of the victuals, he approached slowly, and with trembling, ventured to eat.

The lion then advanced gently, and began to partake, and they finished their meal very quietly together.

From this day a strict friendship commenced between them, consisting of great affection and tenderness on the part of the lion, and of the utmost confidence and boldness on the part of the dog: insomuch that he would lay himself down to

sleep, within the fangs and under the jaws of his terrible patron.

In about twelve months the little spaniel sickened and died. For a time, the lion did not appear to conceive otherwise than that his favourite was asleep. He would continue to smell of him, and then would stir him with his nose, and turn him over with his paws.

But, finding that all his efforts to wake him were vain, he would traverse his cage from end to end, at a swift and uneasy pace. He would then stop, and look down upon him with a fixed and drooping regard; and again lift up his head, and roar for several minutes, as the sound of distant thunder.

They attempted, but in vain, to convey the carcass from him. He watched it continually, and would suffer nothing to touch it. The keeper then endeavoured to tempt him with a variety of food, but he turned from all that was offered, with loathing.

They then put several living dogs in his cage, which he tore in pieces, but left their members on the floor. His passions being thus inflamed, he would grapple at the bars of his cage, as if enraged at his restraint from tearing those around him to pieces.

Again, as quite spent, he would stretch himself by the remains of his beloved associate, lay his paws upon him, and take him to his bosom; and then utter his grief in deep and melancholy roaring for the loss of his little playfellow, his late friend, the only companion of his den.

For five days he thus languished, and gradually declined, without taking any sustenance or admitting any comfort; till one morning, he was found

dead, with his head reclined on the carcass of his little friend. They were both interred together.

The Care which Providence takes of Animals during the Winter Season

HOWEVER wonderful the preservation of human creatures may be, we can say with truth, that the care of Providence towards animals, is a still greater proof of his wisdom, power, and goodness.

That the prodigious number of animals which our globe contains, should find food or habitation in summer, is not surprising, because all nature then is disposed to concur towards that end. But that in winter, the same number of creatures, those millions of quadrupeds, of reptiles, of birds, of insects, and of fishes, should continue to exist, is a circumstance which must excite our admiration.

Nature has provided most animals with a covering, by means of which they can bear the cold, and procure themselves food in winter as well as in summer. The bodies of wild beasts, which inhabit forests and deserts, ~~are~~ so formed, that the hair falls off in summer, and grows again in the winter, till it becomes a fur, which enables the animal to endure the most severe cold.

Other kinds of animals find an asylum under the bark of trees, in old crevices, in hollows of rocks and caves, when the cold obliges them to quit their summer dwelling.

It is there that some carry beforehand the food which is to serve them, and thus live on what they have gathered in the summer; others pass the winter in profound sleep. Nature has given to several sorts of birds an instinct, which prompts them to change place at the approach of winter.

They are seen flying in great numbers into warmer climates. Several animals, who are not designed to travel, find, notwithstanding, their wants supplied in this season. Birds know how to find out insects in moss, and the crevices of the bark of trees. Several kinds of quadrupeds carry provision in summer into caves, and feed on it in winter.

Others are obliged to seek their subsistence under the snow and ice. Several sorts of insects, in winter confined to marshes and frozen rivers, are deprived of food for that time, and still preserve life. Perhaps also, many means made use of by Providence for the preservation of animals, are yet concealed from us.

From the elephant to the mite, all animals owe to him their dwelling, their food, and their life and even where nature herself seems barren of resources, he finds means to make amends for her poverty.

Let this consideration strengthen our confidence in God. - How can anxiety, care, or anguish, get access into our hearts, or make us despair of being preserved during the winter? That God who provides for the animals, will not forsake mankind.

He who shows himself so great in smaller objects, will be still greater in the more important. He who provides a covering for animals, will be able to clothe us. He who points out to them a retreat in the caves of the mountains, will find for

us an asylum to pass our days in quietness. He who has prepared for them, even under the snow and ice, their proper food, will be able to provide for us in the most critical seasons.

In fine, let these reflections lead us to imitate, as much as our faculties will permit, the generous care of Divine Providence, in contributing to the preservation and happiness of our fellow-creatures, and even to the welfare of every living animal.

To be cruel towards animals, to refuse them food and convenience, is an act manifestly contrary to the will of our common Creator, whose beneficent cares extend even to those beings which are inferior to us.

History of Job.

JOB, who lived in the eastern land of Uz, was a person of exalted rank. His substance and possessions were very great; but he was more distinguished and honoured for his piety and benevolence. He had seven sons and three daughters.

In the history of this good man, Satan is represented as suspecting his sincerity, and alleging, that if he were deprived of his fortune and health, his temper and conduct would change with his circumstances.

Permission, therefore, was granted by the Almighty, for the trial of his integrity, and accordingly, afflictions were heaped upon his head. He

became as remarkable for calamity as he had been for prosperity.

His oxen and camels were taken away by robbers ; his sheep were consumed by lightning ; and his children overwhelmed by a house blown down by a whirlwind. He himself was seized with a violent distemper, which overspread his body from the sole of his foot unto the crown of his head.

His friends concluded, from his uncommon calamities, that he was a great sinner, and a hypocrite, and advised him to confess his guilt. Job acknowledges that he was not infallible and free from common failings, and that, consequently, he ought to be humble and submissive under the hand of God.

He insists, however, that he was honest and sincere in the discharge of his duty, and appeals, in vindication of it, from the false judgment of men to the unerring judgment of God.

He asserts, that there is little or no difference between the righteous and the wicked, in the external administration of Providence ; that both are liable to the same misfortunes, and often involved in one common ruin. This fully proves, that there must be a future state, in which the righteous, who suffer here, will be signally rewarded.

At length, in order to determine the debate, the unerring Judge himself is represented as interposing, to show how unable men are to explain the ways and designs of Heaven, and to declare in favour of Job against the opinion of his friends. "Ye have not spoken of me the thing that is right, as my servant Job hath."

He then put an end to his sufferings, blessed

him with a numerous offspring, and "gave him twice as much wealth as he had before;" so that the latter end of his life was more prosperous than the beginning of it.

We should learn from the history of Job, not to judge and condemn others, because they are poor or sick, or under any calamity. Afflictions are no proof of a person's being wicked and forsaken by God. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth."

The example of Job teaches us to employ ourselves and our wealth in doing good to others, according to their various necessities. He was eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame, a father to the poor, a refuge to the stranger, the defender of the oppressed, the comforter of the widow, and the protector of him that had none to help him. They who are rich in this world, should be "rich in good works, ready to give, glad to distribute."

It teaches us also, in all our afflictions, to be resigned to the will of our heavenly Father, and to rely upon him with full trust and confidence. "What!" says Job, "shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil? The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord."

The Works of Nature praise their Maker.

TAKE up a handful of sand, and try to number the grains of it.

Let us try if we can count the blades of grass in the field, or the leaves on the trees.

We cannot count them, they are innumerable ; much more the things which God hath made.

The fir groweth on the high mountain, and the gray willow bends above the stream.

The thistle is armed with short prickles ; the mallow is soft and woolly.

The hop layeth hold with her tendrils, and claspeth the tall pole : the oak hath firm root in the ground, and resisteth the winter storm.

The daisy enamelleth the meadows, and groweth beneath the foot of the passenger : the tulip asketh a rich soil, and the careful hand of the gardener.

The iris and the reed spring up in the marsh : the rich grass covereth the meadows ; and the purple heath-flower enliveneth the waste ground.

The water-lilies grow beneath the stream ; their broad leaves float on the surface of the water : the wall-flower takes root in the hard stone, and spreads its fragrance amongst broken ruins.

Every leaf is of a different form ; every plant hath a separate inhabitant.

Look at the thorns that are white with blossoms, and the flowers that cover the fields, and the plants that are trodden in the green path. The hand of man hath not planted them ; the sower hath not scattered the seeds from his hand, nor the gardener digged a place for them with his spade.

Some grow on steep rocks, where no man can climb; in shaking bogs, and deep forests, and desert islands; they spring up every where, and cover the bosom of the whole earth.

Who causeth them to grow every where, and bloweth the seeds about in winds, and mixeth them with the mould, and watereth them with soft rains, and cherisheth them with dews? Who faneth them with the pure breath of Heaven; and giveth them colours and smells, and spreadeth out their thin transparent leaves?

How doth the rose draw its crimson from the dark brown earth, or the lily its shining white? How can a small seed contain a plant? How doth every plant know its season to put forth? They are marshalled in order: each one knoweth his place, and standeth up in his own rank.

The snow-drop, and the primrose haste to lift their heads above the ground; when the spring comes, they put forth their beauty. The carnation waiteth for the full strength of the year; and the hardy laurustinus cheereth the winter months.

Every plant produceth its like. An ear of corn will not grow from an acorn: nor will a grape-stone produce cherries: but every one springeth from its proper seed.

Who preserveth them alive through the cold of winter, when the snow is on the ground, and the sharp frost bites on the plain? Who saveth a small seed, and a little warmth in the bosom of the earth, and causeth them to spring up afresh, and sap to rise through the hard fibres?

The trees are withered, naked, and bare; they are like dry bones. Who breatheth on them with the breath of spring, and they are covered with

verdure, and green leaves sprout from the dead wood?

Lo, these are a part of his works, and a little portion of his wonders.

There is little need that I should tell you of God, for every thing speaks of him.

Every field is like an open book; every painted flower hath a lesson written upon its leaves.

Every murmuring brook hath a tongue: a voice is in every whispering wind.

They all speak of him who made them: they all tell us he is very good.

We cannot see God, for he is invisible; but we can see his works every where.

They that know the most, should praise him the best; but which of us can number half his works?

A Character.

“A dog,” says one of the English poets, “is an honest creature, and I am a friend to dogs.”

Of all the beasts that graze the lawn or hunt the forest, a dog is the only animal that, leaving his fellows, attempts to cultivate the friendship of man.

To man he looks, in all his necessities, with a speaking eye for assistance; exerts for him all the little service in his power with cheerfulness and pleasure; for him bears famine and fatigue with patience and resignation.

No injuries can abate his fidelity; no distress induce him to forsake his benefactor. Studious

to please, and fearing to offend, he is still an humble, steadfast dependant; and in him alone fawning is not flattery.

By him the midnight robber is kept at a distance, and the thief is often detected. The poor man finds in his dog a willing assistant, eager to lessen his toil, and content with a very small retribution.

How unkind, then, to torture this faithful creature, who has left the forest to claim the protection of man! How ungrateful a return to the trusty animal for all its services!

Some few years ago, a ship was launched at Ipswich, in Suffolk, and going off the stocks sooner than was expected by the people on board, several persons were thrown into the water. Some boats were quickly employed to save the people, though they could not give immediate assistance.

But a large Newfoundland dog, seeing their situation, rushed into the water, and swimming for their relief, towed first one and then another out of the deep into the shallow water, and by this means saved the lives of several men and women, though some were drowned for want of timely assistance.

To avoid Vice the best way to escape Censure.

IT is wiser to prevent a quarrel than to revenge it. By others' faults, prudent men correct their own. When our vices leave us, we flatter ourselves that we leave them. Choose that kind of life which is best, and custom will render it pleasant.

Anger may glance into the breast of a wise man: but it rests only in the bosom of fools. To err is human; to forgive, divine. Though a man may become learned by the learning of other people, he can never be wise but by his own wisdom.

A good man will love himself too well to lose, and all his neighbours too well to win, an estate by gaming. The love of gaming will corrupt the best minds in the world.

It happens to men of learning as to ears of corn; they shoot up and raise their heads high, while they are empty; but when full and swelled with grain, they begin to flag and droop.

It is harder to avoid censure, than to gain applause; for this may be done by one great or wise action in any age; but to escape censure, a man must pass his whole life without saying or doing one ill or foolish thing. A liar begins with making falsehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itself appear like falsehood.

It often happens, that those are the best people who have been most hurt by slander: as we sometimes find that to be the sweetest fruit at which the birds have been picking.

The blessings granted to us by God in Winter, and to which we pay too little attention.

If we were to examine the works of creation more attentively than we generally do, we should find at this season, many reasons to rejoice in the Creator, and to praise the wonders of his wisdom.

Few, without doubt, are so insensible as not to feel emotions of pleasure and gratitude, when beautiful nature displays the rich blessings of Providence, in spring, in summer, or autumn.

But even hearts the fullest of sensibility, if they are not found watching unto prayer, will be very liable to lose that sensation of warm gratitude, when they see the trees stripped of their fruit, and the fields without verdure; when the bleak wind whistles round their dwelling; when a chilling cold comes to freeze the earth and its inhabitants.

But is it true that this season is so deprived of the blessings of Heaven, and of what is sufficient to kindle gratitude and piety in the heart of man? No, certainly. Let us only accustom ourselves to be more attentive to the works of God, more touched with the many proofs of his goodness towards us, and we shall find opportunities enough, even in winter, to praise our benefactor.

Consider how unhappy we should be, if, during violent cold, we had neither wood for fire, nor clothes to keep us warm. With what goodness the Lord prevents our wants, and furnishes us (even in the season the most void of resources) with the necessities and conveniences of life.

When at this moment we may be enjoying the comfortable warmth of a fire, shall we not return thanks to the Lord, who giveth us fuel with such profusion, that the very poorest can be supplied with it?

If it were given to mortals to know the chain of every thing in nature, how great would be our admiration at the wisdom and goodness of its author! But however incapable we are of forming to ourselves an idea of the whole of his works, the

little we understand, gives us sufficient reason to acknowledge, that his government is infinitely wise and beneficent.

Winter belongs to the plan he has formed. If this season did not exist, the spring and summer would not have so many charms for us ; the fertility of our lands would much diminish ; commerce would be at an end in many provinces, and part of the woods and forests would have been created for no purpose.

Considered in this light, winter is certainly very useful, and supposing that even its advantages were not so apparent, it would be sufficient for us to reflect, that winter is the work of the Creator as well as spring and summer, and all that which comes from him must be for the best.

Industry.

THE Jews have a saying among them, that " He who does not bring his son up to some business, makes him a thief." Idleness they look on as the ground of all evil, whether public or private ; for, the mind of man will be employed, and rather than do nothing, it will work mischief.

The Parthians were such enemies to idleness, that they did not suffer their children to eat till they had gone through some exercises, or done something which might contribute to the health of their bodies or improvement of their minds.

Solon introduced a severe law into his commonwealth against idleness, and the judges were very vigilant in inquiring into the life and manner of every particular subject, and in seeing this law put in execution, as appears from the following narrative.

"There were at Athens two poor young men, who took pleasure in reading, in order to acquire wisdom and knowledge. They had no visible means of support, yet they kept up their flesh and colour, looked hale, well, and in good case.

"The judges had information given them of the retired life of these two, and that it did not appear they had any thing to maintain them: consequently, as they could not live without sustenance, they must have some clandestine means of subsisting. On this information, the young men were summoned before the judges, and ordered to answer to the charge.

"One of the accused said, that little credit was given to what a man could urge in his own defence, because it was natural to think that every criminal, would either deny or extenuate the crime he was charged with; and as the testimony of a disinterested person was not liable to suspicion, he desired a certain baker, whom he named, might be summoned, in order to answer for them.

"The baker declared, that the young men under examination took it by turns to grind his corn every night; and that, for the night's work, he every morning paid the young man who ground at his mill, a drachma, or groat. The judges, surprised at their abstinence and industry, ordered a reward of two hundred drachmas to be paid them out of the public treasury."

How happy would it be for us, if there were laws against idleness, and which should oblige every man to give an account of his time, and be answerable for his way of life! How many cheats and sharpers, who live by defrauding the unwary public, would be obliged to lay aside the name of gentleman, and work for their livelihood in an honest manner!

Modesty.

Who art thou, O man! that presumest on thine own wisdom? or why dost thou vaunt thyself on thine own acquirements?

The first step towards being wise, is to know that thou art ignorant: and if thou wouldst not be esteemed foolish in the judgment of others, cast off the folly of being wise in thine own conceit.

As a plain garment best adorneth a beautiful woman, so a decent behaviour is the greatest ornament of wisdom.

The speech of a modest man giveth lustre to truth, and the diffidence of his words absolveth his error.

He relieth not on his own wisdom; he weigheth the counsels of a friend, and receiveth the benefit thereof.

He turneth away his ear from his own praise, and believeth it not; he is the last in discovering his own perfections.

Yet as a veil addeth to beauty, so are his virtues set off by the shade which his modesty casteth upon them.

But behold the vain man, and observe the arrogant: he clotheth himself in rich attire; he walketh in the public street; he casteth round his eyes and courteth observation.

He tosseth up his head, and overlooketh the poor; he treateth his inferiors with insolence, and his superiors, in return, look down on his pride and folly with laughter.

He despiseth the judgment of others; he relies on his own opinion, and is confounded.

He is puffed up with the vanity of his imagination; his delight is to hear and speak of himself all the day long.

He swalloweth with greediness his own praise, and the flatterer, in return, eateth him up.

Vegetables which preserve their Verdure in Winter.

THE earth may now be compared to a mother who has been robbed of those children from whom she had the best hopes. She is desolate, and deprived of the charms which varied and embellished her surface. However, she is not robbed of all her children.

Here and there some vegetables are still to be seen, which seem to defy the severity of the winter. Here the wild hawthorn shows its purple berries; and the laurustinus displays its blossoms in clusters crowned with leaves which never fade.

The yew-tree rises like a pyramid, and its leaves preserve their verdure. The weak ivy

still creeps along the walls, and clings immoveable while the tempest roars around it. The laurel extends its green branches, and has lost none of its summer ornaments.

The humble box shows, here and there, in the midst of the snow, its evergreen branches. These trees, and some others, preserve their verdure in the coldest climates, and in the severest seasons.

They are emblems of the durable advantages which he possesses, whose mind is cultivated, and whose temper is sweet and serene. The splendour of dress, which only dazzles the eye of the vulgar, is a trifling and transient splendour.

The most brilliant complexion will fade, and all outward beauty is of short duration: but virtue has charms which survive every thing. The man who fears the Lord, "is like a tree planted by the side of a rivulet."

"It grows and flourishes, and its branches extend far off. It bears fruit in due season, and its leaves fade not. It refreshes him who seeks its shelter, and the traveller blesses it."

What a delightful image is this of a pious man! He borrows not his value from the exterior and arbitrary goods of fortune. His true ornaments are in himself. The storms of adversity may sometimes shake him, but they cannot overpower him; and he soon rises again above the stormy regions.

If he is reduced by misfortune to poverty, he is still rich in the possession of peace, arising from a good conscience, and the hope of a blessed immortality.

This meditation leads me to the idea of a benevolent old man. In the decline of his days, he

resembles the plants which preserve their verdure, even in that season of life. How many storms of fortune has he supported with constancy! How many attracting objects has he seen wither! He yet exists, whilst most of those of his time have disappeared.

A mild cheerfulness is seen in him, the happy remains of his spring. However wrinkled his forehead may be, whatever ravages the hand of time has imprinted upon his body, he is still adorned with virtues which make amends for the loss of exterior charms.

He grows young again in his children; and his wisdom, his integrity, his great experience, serve still for examples and lessons to all around him.

As the rose breatheth sweetness from its nature, so the heart of a benevolent man produceth good works. He enjoyeth the ease and tranquillity of his own breast, and rejoiceth in the happiness and prosperity of his neighbour.

His desire is to do good, and he searcheth out the occasions thereof; in removing the oppressions of another, he relieveth himself. From the largeness of his mind, he comprehendeth in his wishes the happiness of all men; and from the generosity of his heart, he endeavoureth to promote it.

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Anger.

As the whirlwind in its fury teareth up trees, and changeth the face of Nature, so the rage of an angry man throweth mischief around him. But think and reflect on thine own weakness; so shalt thou pardon the failings of others. Indulge not thyself in anger; it is like whetting a sword to wound thine own breast, or to injure thy friend.

If it be a hard task to rule thine anger, it is wise to prevent it: avoid then those things which may excite thy wrath, or guard thyself against them, when they occur. Harbour not revenge in thy breast: it will torment thy heart, and pervert thy best thoughts.

Be always more ready to forgive than to return an offence: he that watches for revenge, lieth in wait against himself, and draweth down mischief on his own head. A mild answer to an angry man, like water cast upon the fire, checketh his warmth, and from being a foe, he will become thy friend.

Reflect and think how few things are worthy of anger, and thou wilt wonder that any but fools should indulge in it. In folly or weakness it always taketh its rise; but seldom endeth without sorrow. On the heels of folly treadeth shame; at the back of anger standeth remorse.

Filial Piety.

ONE of the Roman judges had given up to the triumvir a woman of some rank, condemned for a capital crime, to be executed in prison. He who had charge of the execution, in consideration of her birth, did not immediately put her to death.

He even ventured to let her daughter have access to her in prison, carefully searching her, however, as she went in, lest she should carry with her any sustenance.

He took it for granted, that in a few days the mother must, of course, perish for want, and that the severity of putting a woman of family to a violent death, by the hand of the executioner, might thus be avoided.

Some days passing in this manner, the triumvir began to wonder that the daughter still came to visit her mother, and could by no means comprehend how the latter should live so long.

Watching, therefore, carefully what passed in the interview between them, he found, to his great astonishment, that the life of the mother had been all this while supported by the milk of her daughter, who came to the prison every day for this purpose.

The strange contrivance between them was represented to the judges, who procured a pardon for the mother. Nor was it thought sufficient to give to so dutiful a daughter the forfeited life of her condemned mother, but they were both maintained afterwards by a pension settled on them for life.

What will not filial duty contrive, or what hazards will it not run, if it will put a daughter upon venturing, at the peril of her own life, to maintain her imprisoned and condemned mother in so unusual a manner!



The first Lesson of Cyrus.

It is reported of Cyrus, when young, that being asked what was the first thing he learned, he answered, "To tell the Truth;" which is, indeed, "though no science, fairly worth the seven."

When the wise men were commanded by the king to declare what was the strongest power upon earth, such as exceeded even that of the monarch himself, they were all at a loss for an answer.

At last, the prophet Daniel was consulted, who, being endowed with wisdom from on high, answered, that Truth was the strongest; and supported his assertions by such weighty arguments, that nobody could controvert them. Thus his understanding was approved by the king, and all the sages were humbled in his presence.

Of all the qualities that adorn the human mind, truth is the most respectable. It is a rich, though a simple ornament; and he who is not possessed of it, let his rank and qualities be what they may will be forever despicable in the sight of the good and wise.

We are naturally led to dislike those who are always intent upon deceiving. Whereas, on the contrary, we make no scruple to confide in those who are sincere, because we know ourselves to be safe in their hands. They will be either constant friends or open enemies; and even if, through human frailty, they are sometimes led into errors, yet their generous acknowledgment of them makes amends in a great degree, and is a good token of their avoiding them for the future.

“Where Truth is found, bright Virtue still resides,
And equal justice every action guides.

In the pure heart and spotless mind she reigns,
And with mild power her happy sway maintains;

The attribute of God himself confess'd,
That stamps his image on the human breast.”

The Laplanders.

If I fix my eyes on the Laplanders, and the inhabitants of the lands nearest the arctic pole, I behold mortals whose state and manner of living, when compared with ours, we conclude are not the happiest. Their country is formed of a chain of mountains, covered with snow and ice, which do not melt even in summer; and where the chain is interrupted, it is full of bogs and marshes.

A deep snow overwhelms the valleys, and covers the little hills. Winter is felt during the great-

est part of the year. The nights are long ; and the days give but a dim light. The inhabitants seek shelter from the cold in tents which can be removed from one place to another.

They fix their fireplace in the middle of the tent, and surround it with stones. The smoke goes out at the top, which also serves them for a window. There they fasten iron chains, to which they hang the caldrons, in which they dress their food, and melt the ice that serves them for drink.

The inside of the tent is furnished with furs, which preserve them from the wind ; and they lie on skins spread on the ground. It is there they pass their winter. Six months of the year are to them perpetual night ; during which, they hear nothing round them but the whistling of winds, and the howling of wolves, that are running every where in search of their prey.

How could we bear the climate and way of life of those people? How much should we think ourselves to be pitied, if we had nothing before our eyes but an immense extent of ice, and whole deserts covered with snow ; the absence of the sun still making the cold more insupportable? If, instead of a convenient dwelling, we had only moveable tents made of skins, and no resource for our subsistence, but painful and dangerous hunting!

Are not these reflections proper to make us observe the many advantages of our climate, so little attended to? Ought they not to animate us to bless the Divine Providence, for delivering us from such distresses and inconveniences, and for distinguishing us by a thousand advantages? Yes.

Let us ever bless that wise Providence: and when we feel the severity of the season, let us re-

turn thanks, that the cold is so moderate where we dwell, and that we have such numerous ways of guarding against it.

But is the inhabitant of northern countries so unhappy as we imagine? It is true, he wanders through rough valleys and unbeaten roads, and is exposed to the inclemency of the seasons. But his hardy body is able to bear fatigue.

The Laplander is poor, and deprived of many of the conveniences of life ; but is he not rich, in knowing no other wants than those which he can easily satisfy ? He is deprived for several months of the light of the sun ; but to make the darkness supportable, the moon and the Aurora Borealis light his horizon.

Even the snow and ice in which he is buried, do not make him unhappy. Education and custom arm him against the severity of his climate. The hardy life he leads enables him to brave the cold ; and for the particular wants which are indispensable to him, nature has made it easy to obtain supplies.

She has pointed out to him animals, whose fur saves him from the sharpness of the air. She has given him the Reindeer, which furnishes him with his tent, his dress, his bed, his food, and his drink ; with which he undertakes long journeys, and which, in a word, supplies almost all his wants ; and the maintenance of it is but little trouble to him.

Application.

SINCE the days that are past are gone forever, and those that are to come may not come to thee, it behoveth thee, O man ! to employ the present time, without regretting the loss of that which is past, or too much depending on that which is to come.

This instant is thine : the next is in the womb of futurity, and thou knowest not what it may bring forth.

Whatsoever thou resolvest to do, do it quickly. Defer not till the evening what the morning may accomplish.

Idleness is the parent of want and of pain ; but the labour of virtue bringeth forth pleasure.

The hand of diligence defeateth want ; prosperity and success are the industrious man's attendants.

Who is he that hath acquired wealth, that hath risen to power, that hath clothed himself with honour, and that is spoken of in the city with praise ? Even he that hath shut out idleness from his house, and hath said unto sloth, thou art mine enemy.

He riseth up early, he exerciseth his mind with contemplation, and his body with action, and preserveth the health of both.

The slothful man is a burden to himself; his hours hang heavy on his head; he loiters about, and knoweth not what he would do.

His days pass away like the shadow of a cloud, and he leaveth behind him no mark for remembrance.

His body is diseased for want of exercise; he wisheth for action, but hath not power to move; his mind is in darkness; his thoughts are confused; he longeth for knowledge, but hath no application.

He would eat of the almond, but hateth the trouble of breaking the shell.

His house is in disorder, his servants are wasteful and riotous, and he runneth on towards ruin: he seeth it with his eyes, he heareth it with his ears, he shaketh his head, and wisheth, but hath no resolution; till ruin comes upon him like a whirlwind, and shame and repentance descend with him to the grave.

Exercise and Temperance.

PHYSIC, for the most part, is nothing else but the substitute for exercise or temperance. Medicines are, indeed, absolutely necessary in acute distempers, which cannot wait the slow operations of these two great instruments of health; but, did men live in a habitual course of exercise and

temperance, there would be but little occasion for them.

Accordingly, we find that those parts of the world are the most healthy, where they subsist by the chase ; and that men lived longest, when their lives were employed in hunting, and when they had little food besides what they caught.

Blistering and bleeding would be less frequently necessary, were it not for idleness and intemperance : and all those inward applications, which are so much in practice among us, are, for the most part, nothing else but expedients to make luxury consistent with health. The apothecary is perpetually employed in countermining the cook and the vintner.

It is said of Diogenes, that meeting a young man who was going to a feast, he took him up in the street and carried him home to his friends, as one who was running into imminent danger, had he not prevented him.

What would the philosopher have said, had he been present at the gluttony of a modern meal ? Would not he have thought the master of the family mad, and have begged the servants to tie down his hands, had he seen him devour fowl, fish, and flesh ; swallow oil and vinegar, wines and spices ; throw down sallads of twenty different sorts of herbs ; sauces of a hundred ingredients ; confections and fruits of numberless sweets and flavours ?

For my part, when I behold a fashionable table set out in all its munificence, I fancy that I see gout and dropsies, fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable distempers, lying in ambuscade among the dishes.

Nature delights in the most plain and simple diet. Every animal but man keeps to one dish.

Herbs are the food of this species, fish, of that, and flesh, of a third. But man falls upon every thing that comes in his way; scarce a berry or mushroom can escape him.

It is impossible to lay down a determinate rule for intemperance, because, what is luxury in one may be temperance in another. An eminent physician gives the following advice: "make your whole repast of one dish, and seldom indulge in a second."

It is observed by two or three ancient authors, that Socrates, notwithstanding he lived in Athens, during the great plague which has made so much noise through all ages, and has been celebrated, at different times, by the most eminent authors; I say, notwithstanding he lived in the time of this most devouring pestilence, he never caught the infection; which those writers unanimously ascribe to the uninterrupted temperance which he always observed.

But the most remarkable instance of the efficacy of temperance in procuring long life, is what we meet with in a little book published by Lewis Cornaro, the Venitian; which I mention because it is of undoubted credit, as the late Venitian ambassador, who was of the same family, attested more than once, in conversation, when he resided in England.

Cornaro, who was the author of the little treatise above mentioned, was of an infirm constitution till about forty, when, by obstinately persisting in an exact course of temperance, he recovered a perfect state of health; insomuch, that at fourscore he published his book, which has been translated into English, under the title of "**Sure and certain methods of obtaining a long and healthy life.**"

He lived to give a third or fourth edition of it; and, after having passed his hundredth year, died without pain or agony, and like one who falls asleep.

The fear of Spectres.

THE long winter nights are the occasion of terror and uneasiness to a number of people, because they are tormented with the ridiculous apprehension of spectres. This superstitious fear was more pardonable in the time of our ancestors, as they had not such clear ideas of the nature of spirits, and as it was then favoured by several professedly religious.

But there is reason to be surprised that such ideas and such fears can exist now. It shows how ingenious man is to raise imaginary monsters, and to torment himself. It is not enough that he should from time to time feel real evils: he can also create to himself fancied evils, and become unhappy, because he thinks himself so.

How is a miser tormented with the fear of robbers! the misanthrope, from the distrust of those about him! the discontented man, from his anxiety of what may happen! Let us learn from hence, to know the nature of the human heart, and to feel the necessity of watching over our imagination.

If it deceive us in the night, by representing to us frightful phantoms, it often in the day-time produces illusions, by painting vice to us under at-

tractive forms. Let us be as ready to avoid all temptations to evil, as we are to fly from the apparition of a spectre; but in the former instance, man is bold and rash, and in the latter, timid and fearful.

The fear of a single ghost makes some shudder, while the certainty of being one day transported into a world of incorporeal beings, makes but little impression on many minds. Still more, though we know that every step draws us nearer the presence of the Eternal and Infinite Spirit, we feel little apprehensions about it.

If death or a dead person were to appear to us at midnight, and declare to us that we should soon join him, the most intrepid man would be filled with fright and terror: he would make serious reflections upon the event, and would wait the issue with anxiety.

But why are we so inattentive to the voice of God, which cries aloud, "Prepare, O Israel, to meet thy God?" How inconsistent to rest in security, when it would be prudent to fear:—and to tremble, when there is nothing to dread.

Useful Information.

IN a late conversation among some of the great and wise, Theron, a man of wealth and figure, but not possessed of much knowledge, sat in the midst of his friends of both sexes, in a large room, with a rich variety of furniture.

Theron observed, that he had often heard it said, "how much we are all indebted to the country and

the plough ;” but for his part, he knew no obligation that we had to that low rank of mankind, whose life is taken up in the fields, the woods, and the meadows, but that they paid their rents well, to enable gentlemen to live at their ease.

Crito was pleased to seize the occasion, and entertained the gay audience with a surprising lecture of philosophy.

“Permit me, Theron,” said he, “to be an advocate for the peasant ; and I can draw up a long account of particulars, for which we are indebted to the field and the forest, and to the men who cultivate the ground, and are engaged in rural business.

“Look around on all the furniture of the room; let us survey our own clothing, and the splendid array of Therina and Persis; and we shall find, that, except a few glittering stones, and a little gold and silver, which were dug out of the bowels of the earth, we can scarce see any thing that did not once grow green upon the ground through the various labours of the planter and the ploughman.

“Whence came the floor we tread on, part whereof is inlaid with wood of different colours? Whence these fair pannels of wainscot, and the cornice that encompasses and adorns the room? Whence this lofty room of cedar, and the carved ornaments of it? Are they not all the spoils of the trees of the forest?

“Were not these once the verdant standard of the grove or the mountain? What are the hangings of gay tapestry? Are they not owing to the fleece of the sheep, which borrowed their nourishment from the grass of the meadows?

“Thus, the finery of a parlour was once grass: and should I take a turn into the bed-chamber,

I could show that the curtains, and the linen, and costly covering, where we take our nightly repose, were some years ago all growing in the fields.

“But I need not retire from the place where we are seated, to give abundant discoveries of this truth. Is not the hair of camels a part of the materials which compose those rich curtains that hang down by the windows, and the easy chairs which accommodate our friends? And, if we think a little, we shall find that camels with their hair were made of grass, as well as sheep with their wool.

“What are the books that lie in the window, and the little implements of paper and wax, pens and wafers, which, I presume, may be found in the *escritoir*? They have all the same original, they were once mere vegetables.

“Paper and books owe their being to the tatters of linen, which were woven of the threads of flax or hemp. The pasteboard covers are composed of paper, and the leather is the skin of the calf, which drew its life and sustenance from the meadows.

“The pen that we write with was plucked from the wing of a goose, which lived upon the grass of the common. The wafer is made of the paste of wheat, and the wax is originally plundered from the bee, who gathered it out of a thousand flowers.

“Permit me, ladies,” said the philosopher, “to mention your dress. Who gave Persis the silken habit which she wears? Did she not borrow it from the worm that spun those shining threads? And whence did the worm borrow it? From the leaves of the mulberry tree, which was planted

and nourished for that purpose by the country swain.

"May I ask again, how came Therina by the fine linen which she is pleased to appear in? Was it not made of the stalks of flax, which grew up in the field, like other vegetables? And are not the finest of your muslins owing to the Indian cotton-tree?"

"Nor have we, Theron, one upper garment, whether coat, cloak, or night-gown, from our shoulders to our very feet, as rich and as new as we may think them, which the sheep, or the poor silk-worm has not worn before us. It is certain the beaver bore our hats upon his skin.

"That soft fur was his covering before it was ours; and the materials of our very shoes, both the upper part and the soles of them, covered the calf or the heifer, before they were put on our feet. All this was grass at first; for we have seen that all the animal world owes its being to vegetables."

Theron acknowledged the justice of Crito's whole argument, gave him hearty thanks for his instructive lecture, and resolved to remember those amazing scenes of the operation of nature, and the astonishing wisdom of its Author. "Nor shall I ever forget," said he, "the strange and unexpected dependence of man on all the meaner parts of the creation.

'I am convinced that pride was never made for man,' when I see how much akin his body is to 'the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field.'

"And I think," continued he, "I am more indebted to my tenants than ever I could have imagined; nor will I cast such a scornful eye again

on the grazier and the farmer, since this flesh and blood of mine, as well as the furniture of my house, and the clothes I wear, were once growing in the fields or the woods, under their care and cultivation."

Of the bad effects of Vapours.

IN mines there are many and various hurtful damp and vapours, and many have been the fatal effects of them on the labouring miners. The most dangerous of all is found in those places where the vapour has been long confined; the air rushing out from thence, frequently carries death along with it; and scarce any escape to tell the manner of its operations.

Some colliers in Scotland, working near an old mine that had been long closed up, happened, without knowing danger so nigh, to open a hole into it, from the pit where they were then employed.

Happily at that time they saw their error, and instantly fled for their lives. The next day, however, they were resolved to renew their work in the same pit; but coming within the vapour, they all instantly fell down dead, as if they had been shot.

Amongst these unhappy men, there was one whose wife was informed that he was stifled in the mine, and as he happened to be next the entrance, she so far ventured down as to see where he lay.

As she approached the place, the sight of her husband inspired her with a desire to rescue him, if possible, from that dreadful situation; though a

little reflection might have shown her that it was then too late.

But nothing could keep her back ; she ventured forward, and had scarce touched him with her hand when the damp prevailed, and the misguided, though faithful woman, fell dead by his side.

On early Improvement.

LET not the season of youth be barren of improvement, so essential to happiness and respect. Thy future condition very much depends on thy conduct at this time of life, whether good or bad. Embrace the opportunity while nature is yet pliable and soft, and bad habits have not established their dominion.

While prejudices have not darkened thy mind, and the world has not had time to debase thy affections. All thy powers are more lively, disembarrassed, and free, than they will be perhaps at any future period. Whatever bent thou now givest thy heart unto, the direction is likely to continue.

It will form the channel in which thy life is to run ; nay, it may determine an everlasting issue. Consider, then, the employment of this important period, as the highest trust which shall ever be committed to thee ; as, in great measure, decisive of thy happiness, in time, and in eternity.

As in the succession of the seasons, each by the invariable laws of nature, affects the productions of what is next in course ; so in human life,

every period of our age, according as it is well or ill spent, influences the happiness of that which is to follow.

Virtuous youth gradually brings forward a ripe and flourishing manhood; and such a manhood passes of itself, without uneasiness, into respectable and peaceable old age.

But when the heart is turned out of a virtuous course, disorder takes place in the moral, just as in the vegetable world. If the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit; so if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will be contemptible, and old age miserable.

Snow.

SNOW consists of watery particles, frozen in the air. Experiments have been made, which prove that snow, at the moment of falling, is twenty-four times lighter than water; occupying so much more space than the water produced from it when melted; which could not be the case if snow were not water extremely rarified.

But snow is not mere water: for the construction of its particles, and the effects it produces, are different from that of water and ice. In this respect, the manner in which the snow forms itself has something very remarkable.

When particles of vapour, collected together, freeze in the atmosphere, the saltpetre dispersed

in the air, unites with it in the form of a little dart, of a hexagonal shape. While a great number of such little darts unite together, the particles of water which are among them grow hard, and take the form of saltpetre.

This accounts for the flakes with six sides which are composed of points like little needles, and at each of which, darts or smaller threads join themselves, though their form frequently alters, when carried here and there by the wind.

How wonderful the form of these flakes of snow would appear to us, if we were not accustomed to see them every year! But because certain wonders occur often, is that a reason for being inattentive to them?

No, far from it: let us be more careful to examine into them, and to admire the power of God, who, in every season, shows himself so rich, so inexhaustible in the means to provide for the conveniences and pleasures of mortals.

Have we a right to complain, that winter does not supply a variety of amusements for the senses and the understanding? Is it not an astonishing spectacle to see that nature has formed even the flakes of snow with the most exact symmetry? to see such a prodigious number of them fall from the sky?—to observe the several forms water takes under the creating hand of God?

Sometimes it forms itself into hail; sometimes hardens into ice; and sometimes changes into snow, and into innumerable flakes of it. All these changes serve, at the same time, for the use and embellishment of the earth, and even in the smallest phenomena of nature, God shows himself great and worthy of adoration.

Look no longer upon snow with indifference.

Its form, and the advantages resulting from it, should lead us to adore him who made it, and spreadeth it upon the earth, covering and preserving many a root and plant from the keen frosty winds.

To him whom all nature obeys; who causeth the snow to fall in flakes like wool; who spreadeth the white frost like ashes; who casteth hail as in pieces; who ordereth the cold to bless and fertilize the earth; to him be all praise, honour, and glory.

On the Knowledge of Ourselves.

IN the first place, let us consider well, what are the characters we bear among our enemies. Our friends very often flatter us, as much as our own hearts. They either do not see our faults, or conceal them from us, or soften them by their partial representations, in such a manner that we think them too trivial to take notice of.

An adversary, on the contrary, makes a stricter search into us, and discovers every flaw and imperfection in our tempers; and, though his malice may set them in too strong a light, it has generally some ground for what it advances.

In order, likewise, to come to a true knowledge of ourselves, we should consider, on the other hand, how far we may deserve the praises and approbations which the world bestows on us, whether the actions they applaud, proceed from right and worthy motives; and how far we are really possessed of the virtues which they cele-

brate or set forth, and which gain us credit among those with whom we converse.

In the next place, that we may not deceive ourselves in a point of so much importance, we should not lay too great a stress on any virtues we may possess, which are of a doubtful nature; and such we may esteem all those in which many men dissent from us, perhaps far superior to ourselves: they are chiefly opinionative and not practical, and perhaps only derive their value from our own prejudices.

We should likewise be very apprehensive of those actions which proceed from natural constitution, favourite passions, particular education, or whatever promotes our worldly interest or advantage. In these, or the like cases, one's judgment is easily perverted, and a wrong bias hung upon the mind.

There is nothing of greater importance to us, than thus diligently to sift our thoughts, and examine all these dark recesses of the mind, if we would establish our hearts in such a solid and substantial virtue, as will turn to account in that great day, when it must stand the test of infinite wisdom and justice.

And lastly, it will be impossible to know ourselves as we ought, except with the Psalmist, we constantly cry from our hearts, "Try me, O God, and seek the ground of my heart, prove me, and examine my thoughts; look well if there be any way of wickedness in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

Of the Elephant.

THIS animal, when tamed, is gentle, obedient, and docile; patient of labour, it submits to the most toilsome drudgery; and so attentive is it to the commands of its governor, that a word or look is sufficient to stimulate it to the most violent exertions.

It is so attached to its keeper, that it caresses him with his trunk, and frequently will obey no other master; it knows his voice, and can distinguish the tone of command, whether of anger or of approbation, and regulates its actions accordingly: it receives its orders with attention, and executes with eagerness, but without precipitation.

All its movements are orderly, and seem to correspond with the dignity of its appearance, being grave, majestic, and cautious. It kneels down for the accommodation of those who would mount upon its back, and with its pliant trunk, assists them to ascend.

It suffers itself to be harnessed, and seems to have a pleasure in the finery of its trappings; it is used in drawing chariots, wagons, and various kinds of machines. One of these animals will perform with ease the work of many horses.

The manner of taking, taming, and rendering these animals submissive, is curious, and well deserves a place in the history of the elephant.

In the midst of a forest, abounding with elephants, a large piece of ground is marked out, and surrounded with strong palisadoes, interwoven with branches of trees: one end of the enclosure is narrow, from which it widens gradually so as to take in a great extent of country.

Several hundreds of men are employed upon the occasion, who place themselves in such a manner as to prevent the wild elephants from making their escape: they kindle large fires at certain distances, and make a dreadful noise with drums and various kinds of discordant instruments, calculated for the purpose of stunning and terrifying the poor animals; whilst another party, consisting of some thousands, with the assistance of the female elephants, trained for the purpose, drive the wild elephants slowly to the great opening of the enclosure, the whole train of hunters closing in after them, shouting and making a great noise, till the elephants are driven, by insensible degrees, into the narrow part of the enclosure, through which there is an opening into a smaller space, strongly fenced in, and well guarded on all sides.

As soon as one of the elephants enters this strait, a strong bar closes the passage from behind, and he finds himself completely environed. On the top of this narrow passage, some of the huntsmen stand with goads in their hands, urging the creature forward to the end of the passage, where there is an opening just wide enough to let him pass.

He is now received into the custody of two female elephants, who stand on each side of him, and press him into the service: if he is likely to prove refractory, they begin to discipline him with their trunks, till he is reduced to obedience, and suffers himself to be led to a tree, where he is bound by the leg with stout thongs, made of untanned elk or buckskin.

The tame elephants are then led back to the enclosure, and the others are made to submit in the same manner. They are all suffered to remain

fast to the trees for several days. Attendants are placed by the side of each animal, who supply him with food, by little and little, till he is brought by degrees to be sensible of kindness and caresses, and allows himself to be led to the stable.

In the space of fourteen days, entire submission is completed. During that time he is fed daily with cocoa-nut leaves, and led once a day to the water, by the tame ones. He becomes accustomed to the voice of his keeper, and at last quietly resigns his prodigious powers to the service of man.

This animal seems to exceed most of the brute creation in sagacity. The following account, taken from Goldsmith, is an instance: "In Delhi, an elephant passing along the streets, put his trunk into a tailor's shop, where several people were at work.

"One of the persons of the shop, desirous of amusement, pricked the animal's trunk with his needle, and seemed highly delighted with this slight punishment.

"The elephant, however, passed on without any immediate signs of resentment; but coming to a puddle of dirty water, he filled his trunk, returned to the shop, and spirted the contents over all the finery upon which the tailors were then employed."

Remarkable story of a Dog

DURING the reign of Charles V. of France, Aubri de Montidier, travelling alone in the forest of Bondi, was murdered and buried at the foot of a tree. His dog remained upon the grave several days, and would not leave the place till he was compelled to do so by hunger.

He came at last to Paris, to the house of an intimate friend of the unfortunate Aubri, and by his doleful howlings, seemed to wish to acquaint him of the loss he had sustained.

After receiving some victuals, he renewed his noise, went to the door, and turned about to see if he was followed by any one; came back to his master's friend, and pulled him by the coat, as it were to persuade him to go along with him.

This extraordinary behaviour of the dog, his returning without his master, whom he never quitted, and who all at once disappeared, and perhaps that distribution of justice and of events, which seldom permits any long concealment of atrocious crimes; all these put together, occasioned the dog's being followed.

As soon as he came to the foot of the tree, he began to howl more violently than ever, and to scratch up the ground, as if marking out the spot where they should dig. They dug, and found the body of the unfortunate Aubri!

Some time after, he accidentally spied the murderer, whom all historians agree in calling the Chevalier Macaire. He flew at his throat immediately, and it was with much difficulty he was

forced to quit his hold. Every time the dog met him, he pursued and attacked him with the same fury.

The dog's inveteracy against this man alone, began to be taken notice of; and people not only called to mind the affection which he had always shown to his master, but several instances of the Chevalier Macaire's hatred and envy against Aubri de Montidier, came also to be recollected.

Some other circumstances increased the suspicion. The king being informed of what had passed, had the dog sent for, who remained perfectly quiet till such time as the Chevalier Macaire appeared, when immediately, in the midst of a score of other courtiers, he turned about, barked, and attempted to rush upon him.

At last he seized him by the throat, and brought him to the ground; in this situation he acknowledged his crime, in the presence of the king and the whole court.

Observations on Man and the Brute Creation.

NEXT to man, in the visible creation, are the beasts; and certainly, with regard to the structure of the body, the difference is not extremely great between man and other creatures.

It principally appears in this; that man is perfectly erect, and his form more elegant; that no beast has the feet of a man, much less a hand so well fitted for every purpose; and lastly, that no

other animal has a brain so large, in proportion to its bulk, as man.

Concerning the prone posture of their bodies, we may observe two things; the parts ministering thereto, and the use thereof.

As to the bodily parts, it is observable, that in all these creatures the legs are made exactly conformable to their posture, as those of man are to his: and further, that the legs and feet are always admirably well suited to the motion and exercise of each animal.

In some, they are made for strength, to support a vast and unwieldy body; as in the elephant, which, being a creature of such prodigious weight, has its legs accordingly made like pillars.

In others, they are made for agility and swiftness. So deer, hares, and several other animals, have their legs very slender, but strong withal, and every way adapted for quick motion.

In some they are formed only for walking and running; but in others, for swimming too: thus in the feet of the otter, the toes are all conjoined with membranes, as they are in geese and ducks; and in swimming, it is observable, that when the foot goes forward in the water, the toes are close, but when backward, they spread out; by which they more forcibly strike the water, and drive themselves forward.

In some, as moles, they are made for walking and digging; and in others, for walking and flying, as in the bat and flying squirrel.

In some, they are made more weak, for the plainer lands: in others, stiff and less flexible, as those of the elk, for traversing ice; and the goat, for dangerous places.

There are many more to describe, which could not be done in this lesson; but if curiosity leads, they may be sought for in treatises on Natural History.

Revolutions which are constantly in Nature.

THE sun, moon, and stars, continue constantly the same course once prescribed to them. But who is it that supports and directs them? Who teaches these bodies the course they ought to take? Who points out to them the time for their revolutions?

Who empowers them to move always with the same force? Who prevents them from falling on our globe, or from losing their way in the immense space of the heavens? All these questions lead us to God.

It is he who appointed the circles they were to describe; it is he who supports, who guides, and prevents them from confusion. By laws unknown to us, he causeth these celestial bodies to move with incredible swiftness, and with such perfect regularity, that nothing can disturb it.

Nearer to us, there are in the elements, continual revolutions, though they are not visible to common observers. The air is in perpetual motion: the water continues its course without ceasing; the rivers run into the sea; and, from its broad surface, vapours rise, which produce clouds.

These fall again upon the earth, in rain, snow, and hail; they penetrate into the mountains, and

fill the springs ; from whence the rivulets become rivers, when they have met, and are thereby augmented in their course.

Thus, the water, which had fallen from the clouds, returns back into the sea. The seasons last a limited time, and succeed each other, according to the order established. Each year the fertile earth produces again its plants, and its harvest.

Yet it is never exhausted ; for, by means of this continued circulation, whatever the earth yields is restored to it again. The winter comes at the appointed time, and brings the repose it has occasion for ; and when it has fulfilled the designs of the Creator, the spring succeeds ; and this restores to the earth the children it has lost.

A similar circulation takes place in the body of every living creature ; the blood flows continually through its several channels, distributes to each limb the nourishing juices it requires, and then returns to the heart, from whence it came.

All these revolutions lead us to reflect on the Supreme Being, who laid the foundation of them, and who, by his power and wisdom, has continued to direct them to this very moment.

Joy and Grief.

LET not thy mirth be so extravagant as to intoxicate thy mind, nor thy sorrows so heavy as to depress thy heart. This world affordeth no good

so transporting, nor inflicteth any evil so severe, as should raise thee far above, or sink thee much beneath, the balance of moderation.

Lo! yonder standeth the house of Joy. It is painted on the outside, and looketh gay; thou mayest know it from the continual noise of mirth and exultation that issueth from it.

The mistress standeth at the door, and calleth aloud to all that pass by; she singeth and shouteth, and laugheth without ceasing.

She inviteth them to go in and taste the pleasures of life, which she telleth them are no where to be found but beneath her roof.

But enter thou not into her gate; neither associate thyself with those who frequent her house.

They call themselves the sons of Joy; they laugh and seem delighted: but madness and folly are in all their doings.

They are linked with mischief, hand in hand, and their steps lead down to evil. Dangers beset them round about, and the pit of destruction yawneth beneath their feet.

Look now on the other side, and behold, in that vale overshadowed with trees, and hid from the sight of men, the habitation of Sorrow.

Her bosom heaveth with sighs, her mouth is filled with lamentation; she delighteth to dwell on the subject of human misery.

She looketh on the common accidents of life, and weepeth; the weakness and wickedness of man are the theme of her lips.

All nature to her teemeth with evil; every object she seeth is tinged with the gloom of her own mind, and the voice of complaint saddeneth her dwelling day and night.

Come not near her cell; her breath is conta-

gious ; she will blast the fruits and wither the flowers, that adorn and sweeten the garden of life. In avoiding the house of Joy, let not thy feet betray thee to the borders of this dismal mansion ; but pursue with care the middle path, which will lead thee by a gentle ascent to the bower of Tranquillity.

With her dwelleth Peace, with her dwelleth Safety and Contentment. She is cheerful, but not gay ; she is serious, but not sad ; she vieweth the joys and the sorrows of life with an equal and steady eye.

Of Mountains.

THERE is not, perhaps, in all nature, any thing that impresses an unaccustomed spectator with such ideas of awful solemnity, as those immense piles on the bosom of the earth, which seem to mock the littleness of human magnificence.

In countries where there is nothing but plains, the smallest elevations or hills are apt to excite wonder. In Holland, which is all flat, they show a little ridge of hills near the sea side, which Boerhaave generally marked out to his pupils, as being mountains of no small consideration.

What would be the feelings of such an auditory, could they at once be presented with a view of the heights and precipices of the Alps or Andes, or of the Alleganies !

Even in England, they have not sufficient ideas

of a mountain prospect ; their hills are generally sloping from the plain, and clothed to the very top with verdure ; they can scarcely, therefore, lift their imaginations to those astonishing piles, whose tops peep up behind the high and intervening clouds, sharp and cragged, reaching to the heights that human avarice or curiosity has never been able to ascend.

It has been asked by the curious, how mountains came to be formed, and what are their uses ? In our own happy region, we generally see no inequalities but such as contribute to use and beauty ; and, therefore, we are amazed at a question, how such necessary things, though inequalities, came to be formed ; at the same time wondering at the beauty and fitness of all things within our prospect.

But though with us there may be no great cause for such a demand ; yet in those countries where huge mountains deform the face of nature, where they pour down cataracts, or give fury to tempests, there seems to be a powerful incitement to those who dwell thereabout, and have leisure to be inquisitive as to their cause and use : but as wise men have differed very much respecting these points, let us be content to admit that they answer wise purposes in the economy of creation, although their uses may not be fully known to us.

Of Filial Duty.

As Storks live to a very advanced age, their limbs grow feeble, their feathers fall off, and they are incapable of providing for their food or safety. Being birds of passage, they are under another inconvenience; for, they are not able to remove themselves from one country to another at the usual season.

In all these circumstances, it is reported that their young ones assist them, covering them with their wings, and nourishing them with the warmth of their bodies. They even bring them provisions in their beaks, and carry them from place to place on their backs, or support them with their wings.

In this manner they return, as much as lies in their power, the care which was bestowed on them when they were young in the nest. A striking example of filial piety, inspired by instinct, from which reason itself need not be ashamed to take example.

“Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee,” was an express commandment, and the only one to which a promise was annexed. Among the Israelites, the slightest offence against a parent was punished in the most exemplary manner.

Certainly, nothing can be more just and reasonable, than that we should love, honour, and succour those who are the very authors of our being, and to whose tender care (under Heaven) we owe

the continuance of it during the helpless state of our infancy.

Love, charity, and an intercourse of good offices, are what we undoubtedly owe to all mankind; and he who omits them, is guilty of such a crime as generally carries its punishment with it.

To our parents, however, more, much more, than all this is due; and, when we are serving them, we ought to reflect, that, whatever difficulties we go through for their sake, we cannot do more for them than they have done for us; and that there is no danger of our over-paying the vast debt of gratitude they have laid us under.

In fine, we should consider, that it is a duty most peculiarly insisted on by Heaven itself; and if we obey the command, there is no doubt but we shall also receive the reward annexed to it.

Every thing in Nature tends to the Good of Mankind.

WE cannot be too sensible of the love and preference with which we are honoured, by God's distinguishing us so advantageously from other creatures.

Let us feel, as we ought, the great happiness of being particularly the objects of his beneficent liberality; of being, in some measure, the centre of all he has produced for the manifestation of his glorious attributes.

It is for us that all nature acts and labours in

the earth, in the air, and in the waters. For us the horse's hoof is furnished with that horn, which it would have no occasion for, were it not to draw burdens, and to climb the mountains.

For us the silk-worm spins its bag, shuts itself up in it, and afterwards leaves us this web so artfully contrived. For us the gnat lays its eggs in the water to feed the fish, which serve themselves for our subsistence.

For us the bee gathers, from the flowers, the exquisite honey. For us the ox is put to the plough, and desires no other reward than a little food. It is also for us that the forests, the fields, and the gardens, abound in riches. For us also are designed the treasures the mountains contain.

It is true that we have, beyond comparison, more wants than the brute creation, but we have also many more faculties, talents, and industry, to make every thing around us serve for our use and pleasure.

Numbers of creatures contribute to our food, clothes, and habitations; and furnish us with innumerable conveniences and enjoyments. If God has created us with so many wants, it is to procure us a greater variety of agreeable sensations.

It would be impossible for us to satisfy those multiplied wants, if animals had as many as we have; and it is in order that we should have plenty of every thing, that the things they require are generally such as mankind can make no use of.

But it is not our food only, that God has provided with so much goodness: he has designed to procure us a thousand other enjoyments. It is for us that the lark and the nightingale sing;

that the flowers perfume the air ; that the fields and the gardens are adorned with so many different colours.

Above all, he has given us reason, to enable us to make every thing contribute to our support and pleasure ; to rule over animals ; to subdue the whale and the lion ; and, what is still more precious, in another way, to take pleasure in his works ; to contemplate the beauty, the greatness, and magnificence of them : to admire their order and harmony.

O man ! thou art so endowed and so loaded with favours, how canst thou ever be grateful enough to thy heavenly Benefactor ? What love can be perfect enough, to answer, in any degree, to that which he has shown unto us ! Let us frequently reflect on the liberal blessings which we receive from him every hour.

But above all, let us acknowledge the mercies of God, in the blessings he reserves for us hereafter. For what are the blessings of life, in comparison of the glory which awaits us in heaven ?

It is true, that even here, we continually experience the effects of his benevolence, and are surrounded with the wonders of his goodness ; but our pleasures are mixed with pain, and perfect happiness can only be found in heaven.

On the state of Sleep.

LET us observe what wisdom is displayed in these remarkable incidents of our frame, sleep and

dreams: so remarkable, that they are a kind of experimental mystery, a standing miracle.

Behold the most vigorous constitution, when resigned to the slumbers of the night. Its activity is oppressed with indolence; its strength suffers a temporary annihilation. The nerves are like a bow unstrung, the whole animal like a motionless log.

Behold a person of the most delicate sensations and amiable dispositions. His eyes, though wide open, discern no light, distinguish no objects. His ears, with the organs unimpaired, perceive not the sounds that are round about them. The very fine sense of feeling is overwhelmed with an utter stupefaction. Where are his social affections? He knows not his tender parent, nor the friend that is as his own soul.

Behold the most ingenious scholar, skilful in learning. In this state, how are all his thinking faculties unhinged, and instead of close connected reasonings, there is nothing but a disjointed huddle of absurd notions: instead of well digested principles, nothing but a disorderly jumble of conceptions.

Yet no sooner does he awake, than he is possessed of all his former endowments. His sinews are braced and fit for action, his senses brisk and keen. The frozen affections melt with tenderness: the romantic visionary is again the master of reason.

And, (what is very surprising,) the confused mind does not regulate itself by degrees, but in the twinkling of an eye it is possessed of all its faculties! Why does not the numbness which seized the animal powers, chain the limbs perpetually? Why does not the stupor that deadened all

the senses, hold fast its possessions? When the thoughts are once disadjusted, why are they not always in confusion?

How is it, from an inactivity resembling death, and from extravagancies little differing from madness, that the body and mind are so suddenly restored to their natural powers? the body to its vigour and agility, the mind to sedateness and harmony! Surely it is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes!

Of the formation of Islands.

NEW islands are formed in two ways; either suddenly, by the action of subterranean fires, or more slowly, by the deposition of mud carried down by rivers, and stopped in its course at the mouths of the rivers or elsewhere, by various accidents.

With respect particularly to the first, ancient historians and modern travellers give us such accounts as we can have no reason to doubt. Seneca assures us, that in his time, the Island of Therasia appeared unexpectedly to some mariners, as they were employed in another pursuit.

Pliny assures us, that thirteen islands in the Mediterranean appeared at once, springing up, as it were, from under the water; the cause of which he ascribes, rather to the retiring of the sea in those parts, than to any power under the earth.

However, he mentions the island of Hiera, near that of Therasia, as formed by subterraneous explosions : and adds to his list several others, formed in the same manner. In one of which he relates, that fish in great abundance were found, and that all those who eat of them, died shortly after.

In the year 1707, a slight earthquake was perceived at Santorin ; and the day following, at sun rising, an object was seen by the inhabitants of that island, at two or three miles distance at sea, which appeared like a floating rock.

Some persons, either from a desire of gain or to gratify their curiosity, went there, and found even while they stood upon this rock, that it seemed to rise beneath their feet.

They perceived also, that its surface was covered with pumice stones and oysters, which it raised from the bottom. Every day after, until the fourteenth of the next month, this rock seemed considerably to increase ; and then was found to be half a mile round, and about thirty feet above the sea.

The earth of which it was composed seemed whitish, with a small portion of clay. Soon after this, again the sea seemed troubled, and steams arose, which were very offensive to the inhabitants of Santorin.

But on the sixteenth of the following month, seventeen or eighteen rocks were seen to rise out of the sea, and at length to join together. All this was accompanied with the most terrible noise and fires, which proceeded from the island that was newly formed. The whole mass, however, of all this new formed earth uniting, increased every day, both in height and breadth, and by the force

of its explosions, cast forth rocks to a very great distance.

This continued to bear the same dreadful appearance till near the end of the same year; and it is at present a volcano, which sometimes renews its eruptions. It is about three miles in circumference, and from about thirty to forty feet high.

Pyrrhus and Fabricius.

A TREATY being on foot between the Romans and Pyrrhus, king of Macedon, for the exchange of prisoners; the latter, after having given a general audience to the ambassadors, took Fabricius aside, and conversed with him to the following purport:

After telling him he was sensible of his merit; that he was convinced of his excellence as a general, and perfect qualifications for the command of an army; that justice and temperance were united in his character, and that he justly passed for a person of virtue: he lamented the certainty of his poverty, and saying, that fortune in this particular, had treated him with injustice, by misplacing him in the class of indigent senators.

In order, therefore, to supply that deficiency, said Pyrrhus, provided thou wilt assist me to negotiate an honourable peace, I am ready to give as much gold and silver as will raise thee above the richest citizen of Rome; being fully persuaded

that no expense can be more honourable to a prince, than that which is employed in the relief of great men, who are compelled by their poverty to lead a life unworthy of their virtue, and that this is the noblest purpose to which a king can possibly devote his treasures.

The answer of Fabricius was as follows :

“As to my poverty, thou hast, indeed, been rightly informed. My whole estate consists in a house of but mean appearance, and a little spot of ground, from which, by my own labour, I draw my support.

“But if any have been persuaded to think, that this poverty makes me less considered in my country, or in any degree unhappy, they are extremely deceived.

“I have no reason to complain of fortune, she supplies me with all that nature requires; and if I am without superfluities, I am also free from the desire of them.

“With these, I confess, I should be more able to succour the necessitous, the only advantage for which the wealthy are to be envied. But, small as my possessions are, I can still contribute something to the support of the state, and the assistance of my friends.

“With regard to honours, my country places me, poor as I am, upon a level with the richest; for Rome knows no qualifications for great employments, but virtue and ability.

“She intrusts me with the command of her armies, and confides to my care the most important negociations. My poverty does not lessen the weight and influence of my counsels in the senate. The Roman people honour me for that very poverty which some consider as a disgrace.

They know the many opportunities I have had in war to enrich myself, without incurring censure.

“They are convinced of my disinterested zeal for their prosperity; and if I have any thing to complain of in the return they make, it is only the excess of their applause.

“What value, then, can I set upon gold and silver? What king can add any thing to my fortune? Always attentive to discharge the duties incumbent on me, I have a mind free from self-reproach, and I have an honest fame.”

Of Speaking publicly in the cause of Virtue.

THOUGH we may keep good company to acquire virtue and knowledge, Christianity teaches us, that we were not born for ourselves; and therefore we ought, at proper opportunities, to converse with others, that they may learn and see how much the grace of God can make men different from one another: and though our conversation does not presently reform such, yet it may not be altogether ineffectual: for the seeds of virtue may a long while lie dead, yet at last may flourish and come forth, so that our conversation may have a good effect, though not seen by us; and particularly, it should be done with a single eye to the glory of God and their good, clear of all ostentation.

Besides, it may not be a little serviceable for people of piety and parts, to speak of religion,

even amongst those who deride it, and thereby make their consciences a witness of God and good things ; to let them see the beauty of a pious, good life, and to let them know they despise those vanities the others dote on, living contentedly without their sinful jollities : also, to inform them, that a virtuous life is not impracticable to bad men, by a true repentance for the past, and sincere endeavours for the future, to forsake the ways of iniquity, and pursue the path of truth, which God is constantly striving to bring forth in them ; and is, through infinite mercy, both willing and able to accomplish, if man will cease from his obstinate rebellion against him.

Our Saviour, conversing with publicans and sinners, gained their hearts and reformed their lives ; by which we may be assured, that it is the duty of every Christian to imitate him in the same when an occasion offers itself.

But I would not be understood to recommend a long or constant stay in the company of bad men, which would be too dangerous, especially to young people ; but only, not to neglect or despair of doing good, when we happen to be amongst them : in such cases, we should remember the saying of our Lord, “ He that is ashamed of me amongst men, of him will I be ashamed before my Father hereafter.”

Passion and Patience.

PASSION is a fever of the mind, which ever leaves us weaker than it found us. It is the threshold of madness and insanity; and, indeed, they are so much alike that they sometimes cannot be distinguished, and their effects are often equally fatal.

The first step to moderation is, to perceive that we are falling into a passion. It is much easier wholly to prevent ourselves from falling into a passion, than to keep it within just bounds: that which few can moderate, almost any body may prevent.

Envy and wrath shorten life; and anxiety bringeth age before its time. We ought to distrust our passions, even when they appear the most reasonable. Who overcomes his passion, overcomes his strongest enemy. If we do not subdue our anger, it will subdue us.

A passionate temper renders a man unfit for advice, deprives him of his reason, robs him of all that is great or noble in his nature, destroys friendship, changes justice into cruelty, and turns all order into confusion.

Herod, the Tetrarch of Judea, had so little command over his passion, that upon every slight occasion, his anger would transport him into absolute madness. In such a desperate fit he killed Josippus.

Sometimes he would be sorry, and repent of the folly and injuries he had done, when anger had clouded his understanding: and soon after commit

the same outrages, so that none about him were long safe: and no wonder, for unrestrained anger quickly breaks out into madness.

There is little difference between a madman and an angry man while the fit continues; because both are void of reason, inexorable, and blind: for that reason, it too often subverts whole families, towns, cities, and kingdoms.

It is a vice that few men are able to conceal: for if it do not betray itself by external signs, such as a sudden paleness in the countenance, and trembling in the joints, it is more impetuous within; secretly gnaws the very heart, and produces dangerous effects on those that nourish it.

How different is the conduct of him who suffereth not anger to deprive him of reason. The temper of Sir Isaac Newton is said to have been so equal and mild, that no accident could disturb it; and a remarkable instance of it is related, as follows:

He had a favourite little dog, which he called Diamond; and being one day called out of his study into the next room, Diamond was left behind him.

When Sir Isaac returned, having been absent but a few minutes, he had the mortification to find that his dog, having thrown down a lighted candle among some papers, the nearly finished labours of many years were in flames, and almost consumed to ashes.

The loss, as he was very far advanced in years, was irretrievable; yet, without once striking the dog, he only rebuked him with this exclamation: "O, Diamond! Diamond! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done."

On a true Christian Life.

WE cannot be said to possess the virtues and holy tempers of Christianity, unless we practise them in our ordinary life.

So that Christianity is so far from leaving us to live in the common ways of men, conforming to the folly of customs, and gratifying the passions and tempers which the spirit of the world delights in; it is so far from indulging us in any of these things, that all its virtues that it makes necessary to salvation, are only so many ways of living above and contrary to the world, in all the common actions of our life.

If our common life is not a continual course of humility, self-denial, renunciation of the world, poverty of spirit, and heavenly affection, we do not live the lives of Christians.

But yet, though it is thus plain, that this, and this alone is Christianity, an uniform, open, and visible practice of all these virtues; yet it is as plain, that there is little or nothing of this to be found, even amongst the better sort of people.

We see them often at places of worship, and pleased with fine preachers; but look into their lives, we see them just the same sort of people as others are, that make no pretensions to devotion. The difference that we find betwixt them, is only that of their natural tempers.

They have the same taste of the world, the same worldly cares, and fears, and joys; they have

the same turn of mind, equally vain in their desires.

We see the same fondness for state and equipage, the same pride and vanity of dress, the same self-love and indulgence, the same foolish friendships and groundless hatreds, the same levity of mind and trifling spirit, the same fondness for diversions, the same idle dispositions and vain ways of spending their time in visiting and conversation as the rest of the world, that make no pretensions to devotion.

Alas! this is too much the state of the sober-minded of all denominations; therefore, O youth, rest not in form or ceremony, nor take them for a cloak to thy lukewarmness, but strive earnestly to be what is requisite and indispensable for thee, if thou wouldst be eternally happy; that is, a truly humble and devout soul, by a strict obedience to the divine laws, through the power of the divine influence of God.

Of the Rhinoceros.

A RHINOCEROS, next to the elephant, is the most extraordinary animal in the East Indies. He is equal in height to a middling horse, but is shaped like a wild boar, only he is much larger, and has shorter legs.

His skin is without hair, but so thick and hard,

as to be almost impenetrable; it is so full of scratches and scabs, that at a distance they may well be taken for scales.

On his nose he has a horn of a dark brown colour, which bends backward, and is often two feet long; he has another horn a little above this, which never exceeds six inches.

His eyes are exceedingly small, and he only sees straight forward; therefore, he always runs in a straight line, tearing up those things which oppose or stand in his way.

With his horn he throws stones over his head to a great distance, and even tears up trees by the roots.

He grunts like a hog; but when he pursues his prey, he makes a terrible noise. He feeds much on the boughs of such trees as are thick set with strong and tough thorns; but he prefers the flesh of animals when they come in his way.

He has a natural antipathy to the elephant, which places all his safety in flight. He seldom attacks a man unless he is dressed in red, a colour to which he has a great aversion.

When he overtakes him, he lifts him by his horn, and throws him over his head with such violence as breaks his bones; so that he never fails to find him dead when he comes to devour him.

The usual method of taking this animal, is in pits dug in the paths by which he goes to drink, and covered with branches, grass, &c.

The Spherical form of our Earth.

MANY people fancy the earth an even plane, a round flat surface; but if that were the case the exterior limits of this surface would be found out; and in approaching any place, we should not see the tops of towers and mountains before the lower parts of them.

The earth, then, must be a globe; but it is not exactly and strictly spherical, for it is a little more raised under the line, and flatter towards the poles, nearly resembling an orange.

But that deviation from a circular form is very inconsiderable, at the most only thirty-five miles, which is scarcely perceptible in a globe whose circumference is twenty-five thousand miles; and the diameter seven thousand nine hundred and fifty-seven.

There will be no doubt of the form of the earth being nearly spherical, if we consider, that in the eclipses of the moon, the shadow which the earth casts on that planet is always round.

Besides, if the earth were not round, how could they have circumnavigated it, or how should the stars rise and set sooner in the eastern than in the western countries? Here again, is the wisdom of the Creator manifest.

The form he has given to the earth is the most proper and convenient for a world like ours, and for its inhabitants. Light and heat, so necessary for the preservation of creatures, are by this means equally and uniformly distributed over the whole earth. From thence, also, proceed the

daily and annual returns of night and day, heat and cold, &c.

The water is equally distributed over the globe, and the salutary use of the winds is felt in every part of the earth. We should be deprived of all these advantages, if our earth had any other form. In some countries it would be a paradise, in others a chaos; one part of it would be swallowed up in water, the other burnt up by the heat of the sun.

In certain countries, they would be exposed to furious tempests, which would destroy every thing, while they would be stifled in other places by the want of air, the current of which would be nearly stopped.

One part of the earth would enjoy the benign influence of the sun, while the other would be frozen with cold. What pride and ignorance we should betray, if we did not acknowledge in this, the hand of an Almighty and benevolent Creator! Should we deserve to inhabit a world, where all is so wisely ordained, if, like the brutes, we were insensible to this admirable plan, and the numberless blessings which accrue from it?

Of the Camel.

ANOTHER native of the East Indies is the camel, one of the most serviceable creatures in the world. He kneels down to receive his burdens, and when he has his accustomed load, gets upon his feet again; but if he feels himself overburdened he will not rise, but cry till part of it is taken off.

One of them will carry ten or twelve hundred weight, forty miles a day, for thirty or forty days together. They have no teeth in the upper jaw. They will travel forty hours without either meat or drink, and nine days without drink; they have two stomachs admirably contrived for this purpose. A person who dissected one at Paris, found in his second stomach several square holes, which were the mouths of about twenty cavities, like bags, placed between the two membranes which compose the substance of the stomach.

In these receivers, he has enough water to serve him for so many days. The hunch on his back is not flesh, much less bone, but mere hair; for when this is pressed close down he is no more hunch-backed than a swine.

They subsist on very little, which enables them to travel through those vast and barren deserts. How wise is he who caused these to be natives of those countries, where such creatures are absolutely necessary! A farther instance of this is, that the African camel, which has still greater and more rough journeys to take, is larger and stronger, and capable of carrying heavier burdens than those of Asia.

Another wonderful property in camels is, that of foreseeing those poisonous winds, which kill in a moment. A little before these come, they run together and cry, and hide their noses in the earth; and as soon as they are past, they lift up their heads and continue their journey.

The Two Brothers.

AMONG the numerous adventurers who went to South America in pursuit of gold and silver, was a Spaniard, whose name was Pizarro, and who, like others, was anxious to try his fortune.

As he had a great affection for his elder brother, he communicated to him his design, and earnestly entreated him to go along with him, promising to give him an equal share of whatever the expedition should produce.

His brother, whose name was Alonzo, was a man of good understanding and easy temper. He did not much like the proposed expedition, and endeavoured to persuade Pizarro to abandon it, representing to him the certain dangers he would have to encounter, and the great uncertainty of success.

However, perceiving that all arguments were in vain, he consented to accompany him, declaring at the same time, that he wanted no part of the riches he might procure, and only asked to have a few servants and his baggage taken on board the ship with him.

Pizarro then disposed of all his effects, purchased a vessel, and embarked with several other adventurers, who had no doubt of making immense fortunes.

Alonzo, on the other hand, took with him only a few ploughs, harrows, and other implements of husbandry; together with some corn, and seeds of different sorts of vegetables.

Though this conduct appeared very strange to Pizarro, yet he took no notice of it to his brother,

wishing to avoid the least appearance of altercation.

A prosperous gale wafted them across the Atlantic, when they put into the last port they intended to stop at, till they should reach the land of gold and silver.

Here Pizarro purchased several more implements, used in digging for, melting, and refining the gold he doubted not of finding, and also procured more labourers to assist him in the work. On the other hand, Alonzo purchased only a few sheep, and four stout oxen, properly harnessed for ploughing.

From hence they set sail, and arrived safe at their destined port. Alonzo then acquainted his brother, that as his intentions were only to accompany and assist him in the voyage, he should stay near the borders of the sea with his servants and cattle, whilst he traversed the country in search of gold; and as soon as he had procured as much as he wanted, he should be ready to accompany him back to Spain, whenever he should return to the coast.

Pizarro set out immediately, and though he said nothing to his brother, he could not help expressing his contempt of him, to his companions. "I have always been accustomed," said he to his followers, "to consider my brother as a man of sense; but now I perceive my mistake.

"He intends to amuse himself with his sheep and oxen, as if he were actually on his own farm in Spain. We, however, know better than to waste our time in that manner. We in a short time, shall enrich ourselves for the rest of our lives."

His speech was universally applauded, except

ing by one Spaniard, who, as he marched on, shook his head, and told Pizarro, that he probably might not find his brother so great a fool as he imagined.

They continued their journey into the country for several days, and met with numberless obstacles, such as being obliged to cross rivers, to ascend craggy mountains, and to penetrate almost impervious forests; sometimes scorched with the intense heat of the sun, and then soaked by the violent rains that fell.

In spite of all difficulties, they pursued their search for gold, and luckily at last came to a place where they found it in tolerable quantities. Success inspired them with courage, and they continued their labours on the spot till their provisions were all expended.

Though they gained gold, they suffered much from hunger, but contented themselves with living on such roots and berries as the earth spontaneously produced. Even this supply at last failed them, and after losing several of their company by famine and hardships, the rest with difficulty crawled back to the place where they had left Alonzo, carrying with them that pernicious gold, for which they had exposed themselves to the dangers of death in so many miserable shapes.

In the mean time, Alonzo, who foresaw all these disasters, was employing himself in a far more useful manner. His knowledge in husbandry pointed out to him a spot of considerable extent and fruitful soil, which he ploughed up, by the assistance of his servants and the oxen he had brought with him.

He then committed the different seeds with which he had furnished himself, to the bosom of

the earth. Every thing prospered beyond expectation, and a plentiful harvest rewarded his toils. His sheep also proved prolific.

In the intervals of time, Alonzo and his servants employed themselves in fishing; and the fish they caught they dried and salted, having found salt upon the sea-shore. So that by this time, they had formed a tolerable magazine of provisions.

Alonzo received his brother Pizarro, on his return, with the utmost respect, and inquired what success he had met with.

Pizarro then informed him of the vast quantity of gold they had found, but that several of his comrades had perished, and that those who remained were in a starving condition.

He immediately requested his brother to give him something to eat, as he had tasted no other food for two days than the roots and barks of trees.

To this request Alonzo very coolly replied, that his brother should remember, that on their departure from Europe, they had agreed not to interfere with each other; and that, as he had relinquished all pretensions to the gold they might discover, they could have no right to any part of the produce of his labour.

"If you think proper," added Alonzo, "to exchange some of your gold for provisions, I shall be ready to accommodate you."

However unkind Pizarro thought this behaviour of his brother, he and his companions being in a starving condition, were obliged to submit to his demands. Alonzo placed so high a value on his provisions that he soon became master of all the

gold they had collected, merely to produce them articles of subsistence.

Alonzo then proposed to his brother to embark for Europe, as the vessel in which they had arrived at America was still in good condition, and the winds and weather favourable.

Pizarro, with a stern, haughty, and disdainful look, replied, that since he had stripped him of all the wealth he had acquired with such danger and fatigue, and treated him so unbrotherly, he might return without him. As to himself, he said he would remain upon that desert shore, and there end his life. Alonzo, instead of resenting this language, caught his brother in his arms, and thus addressed him :

“Is it possible that my dear brother could believe that I meant to deprive him of the gold he had so dearly bought? May all the gold in the universe perish, rather than that I should treat you in such a manner! I perceived your impetuous desire for riches, and I have taken this method to draw you from your attachment to them.

“My prudence and industry appeared to you chimerical, since you imagined that nothing could be wanting to him who possesses riches: but you have now learned, that but for my industry and foresight, all the gold you had found would not have prevented you and your followers from starving.

“I am willing to flatter myself, that you will be wiser for the future; and therefore take back your gold, and make a proper use of it for the time to come.”

This unexpected generosity of Alonzo, filled Pizarro with astonishment and gratitude, and he was, for the first time, obliged to confess, that in-

dustry and prudence were preferable to gold. They then embarked for Europe, and, after an easy passage, arrived safe in Spain.

Pizarro, during the voyage, often entreated his brother to accept of one half of the gold, which Alonzo invincibly refused, saying, that he who can raise what is sufficient for the supply of his natural wants, stands in no need of the assistance of gold.

Of Truth and Sincerity.

TRUTH, in reality, has all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of any thing be good for aught, I am sure sincerity is better: for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to? To counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellence.

Now the best way in the world for a man to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would wish to be taken for. For it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if any man have it not, it is ten to one, but he is discovered to want it, and then all his labour and pains, that he might seem to have it, are lost.

There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from natural beauty and complexion.

It is difficult to personate and act a false part long, for where truth is not at the bottom, nature

will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself at one time or another.

Therefore, if any person think it convenient to seem good, let such an one be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to every one's satisfaction; so that, upon all accounts, sincerity is a part of true wisdom.

Of the Hurricane.

THE Cape of Good Hope, and many islands in the West Indies, are famous for their hurricanes, and that extraordinary cloud which is said to produce them.

This cloud, which is the forerunner of an approaching hurricane, appears, when first seen, like a small spot on the edge of the sea, and is called by sailors, the bull's eye, from being discernible at a vast distance, and appearing so minute.

During the time of its approximation, a perfect calm reigns over sea and land: a hollow murmur is heard in the cavities of the mountains, and beasts and animals, sensible of its approach, are seen running over the fields, seeking for shelter. The cloud gradually grows broader, and at length coming to the place where its fury is to fall, it fills the whole horizon with darkness.

Nothing can be more terrible than its violence when it begins. The houses in those countries, which are made of timber, the better to resist its fury, bend to the blast like osiers, and again recover their rectitude.

The sun, which but a moment before blazed with mid-day splendour, is totally shut out, and a midnight darkness prevails ; except that the air is incessantly illuminated with gleams of lightning, by which one might easily see to read. The rain falls at the same time in torrents, and its descent has been likened to what pours from our spouts, even after a violent shower.

The hurricanes are no less offensive to the sense of smelling, also ; and never come without leaving a most noisome stench behind them.

The first mariners who visited those regions, suffered greatly ; and many were the wrecks which were made by those dangerous storms ; but at present they escape better, being made wise by experience. These awful winds abound, more or less, in all hot climates.

On the short duration of Snow.

WE see the instability of snow, and how suddenly the heat of the sun, mild and damp air, or heavy rains, make it disappear. Every thing around us changes its appearance in a few hours ; and there scarce remains the least trace of that snow, which had covered the streets, villages, and fields.

Is not this sudden revolution calculated to make us reflect on the uncertainty and vanity of all earthly good ? Undoubtedly, it is not without design, that nature presents us with such images of

the frailty of worldly things. In every season, in every variation that their return occasions, nature tells us, with a strong and persuasive voice, this great truth, All is vanity.

Let us look around us; do we see any thing that is not frail and perishable? How soon are we deprived of the pleasures of the senses! They disappear when we have scarce begun to enjoy them. We are often at sun-rise cheerful and contented; and before it sets, plunged into sorrow and distress.

Has not every body experienced, in the course of his life, how uncertain and transient the enjoyments here are? The riches of which we are so proud, make themselves wings and fly away, like an eagle, from the possessor, when he flattered himself most with a peaceable and uninterrupted enjoyment of them.

The step from the greatest opulence to want and misery, is often as sudden as the coming of a thaw after the severest cold. Even our life and health are often as transitory as all other sublunary things.

It is too true, however, that reflections of this kind seldom occur to us, while we are in possession of earthly enjoyments. We are like those who, in a fine winter's morn, venture to go abroad, and set out without thinking of the sudden changes of weather, so frequent at that season.

When fortune smiles upon us, and we are in the midst of joy and pleasure, we think we have nothing to fear; and we do not consider how suddenly the happiest situation may be changed into misery.

And supposing we have not hitherto made this experience: a time will come, when we shall be

convinced, by ourselves, of the nothingness and frailty of every thing here.

To those who are at present in the spring or summer of life, winter will soon come; and they will then experience how transient those enjoyments are, on which they had depended with so much confidence. They will learn, that all earthly pleasures are like snow which dazzles the eye indeed, but soon melts, and is no more.

Snow affords us another very important reflection. It reminds us of our weakness and want of power. What could all the industry, and all the force of men do, were they to undertake to remove the ice and snow from the ground?

God works this change with infinite ease. He bids the wind blow, and it thaws. He has but to speak the word, and our troubles cease.

The Excellence and Necessity of Industry.

DILIGENCE, industry, and proper improvement of time, are material duties of the young. To no purpose are they endowed with the best abilities, if they want activity for exerting them.

Unavailing, in this case, will be every direction that can be given them, either for their temporal or spiritual welfare. In youth, the habits of industry are most easily acquired; in youth, the incentives to it are strongest, from desire and from duty, from hope, and from all the prospects which the beginning of life affords.

If, dead to all these calls, thou shouldst already begin to languish in slothful ease and inaction, what will be able to induce thee in the more sluggish current of advancing years? Industry is not only an instrument for improvement, but a foundation of much satisfaction.

Nothing is more contrary to the true enjoyment of life, than the relaxed and feeble state of an indolent mind. He who is a stranger to industry, may possess, but he cannot enjoy; for it is labour only which gives a relish to the things of this life.

It was a natural and proper appointment for man, 'Thou shalt get thy bread by the sweat of thy brow.' It is the necessary condition of our possessing a sound mind in a sound body. Sloth is so inconsistent with both, that it is hard to determine whether it be a greater foe to virtue, or to health of body.

Inactive as it is in itself, its effects are fatally powerful. Though it appear a slowly flowing stream, yet it undermines all that is stable and flourishing. It not only saps the foundation of every active virtue, but pours upon us a deluge of evils, and, too often, shameful crimes.

It is like water which putrefies by stagnation, and then sends up hurtful vapours, and fills the air with death. Fly, therefore, from idleness, as the certain parent both of guilt and ruin.

Of the Ichneumon.

THIS is an animal of a very peculiar sort. It is of the weasel kind, with a longer and narrower body than a cat, something approaching to the shape and colour of a badger. Its nose is black and sharp, like that of a ferret.

Its legs are short, and each of its feet has five toes. Its tail is very long, and its teeth and tongue much like those of the cat. It is a very cleanly animal, very brisk and nimble, and possessed of great courage. It will combat a dog, and destroy a cat by three bites on its throat.

But it is quite inoffensive to mankind, and is kept tame in Egypt, running about their houses, destroying all vermin, and playing tricks like spaniels. When wild, he cannot overtake any nimble animal, but he makes this up by industry.

His legs being short, he is not much seen; but he has a way of concealing himself yet more, by crawling on his belly close to the ground, which he does all day long. But on the least noise (for his hearing is exceedingly quick) he starts up erect on his hind legs.

If the noise be made by any reptile, bird, or small beast, he observes whereabouts it is, then places his nose directly in a line with it, and begins to move towards it.

He is silent and slow, but constant in his approach, often stopping to hear or to look forward, and know exactly where his object is; when he has approached within about five feet, he stops, and having taken good aim, he springs directly from the place on his prey.

Thus he deals with birds and beasts. But to serpents he gives chase, and to avoid their bite, always seizes them by the neck.

Gesner tells us, that the Ichneumon is not only an enemy to serpents themselves, but to their eggs also, which he hunts after, and destroys, though he does not feed upon them.

How merciful is our great Creator! See this animal given to countries where those terrible reptiles abound! In all likelihood, they would otherwise be uninhabitable.

The force of Custom.

It is both a true and common saying, that 'custom is a second nature.' It is able, indeed, to form a man anew, and give him inclinations and capacities altogether different from those he was born with.

Doctor Plot, in his history of Staffordshire, tells us of an idiot, who happened to live within the sound of a clock, and always amused himself with counting the hour of the day, whenever the clock struck.

The clock being spoiled by some accident, the idiot continued to strike and count the hour, without the help of it, in the same manner as when it was entire.

Though I dare not vouch for the truth of this story, it is very certain, that custom has a mechanical effect on the body, at the same time that it has a very extraordinary influence on the mind.

Custom makes every thing pleasant to us. Sir Francis Bacon observes, in his Natural Philosophy, that our taste is never better pleased, than with those things which were at first unpalatable.

He gives particular instances of claret, coffee, and other liquors which the palate seldom approves on the first taste; but when it has once got a relish of them, it generally retains it for life.

The mind is constituted after the same manner; and, after having habituated itself to any particular exercise or employment, not only loses its first aversion to it, but conceives a certain fondness and affection for it.

I would, therefore, recommend to every one, that admirable precept which Pythagoras is said to have given to his disciples: "Pitch upon that course of life which is the most excellent, and custom will render it the most delightful." Men whose circumstances will permit them to choose their own way of life, are inexcusable, if they do not pursue that which their judgment tells them is the most laudable.

Since custom is a second nature, we must gain habits of virtue in this life, if we would enjoy the pleasures of the next. The state of bliss we call heaven, will not be capable of affecting those minds which are not thus qualified for it.

We must in this world get a relish for truth and virtue, if we would wish to taste that knowledge and perfection which are to make us happy in the next.

The seeds of those joys and pleasures, which are to rise up and flourish in the soul to all eternity, must be planted during the present state of probation. In short, heaven is the natural effect of a religious life, as well as the reward of it.

Of the Tides.

THE motions of the sea effectually destroy a great number of the viler sort of creatures. Its currents and its tides produce continual agitations, the shock of which they are not able to endure; the parts of the fluid rub against each other, and destroy all bad humours; and the ocean, if I may so speak, acquires health by exercise.

The most obvious, and the most generally acknowledged motion, is that of its tides. This element is observed to flow, for certain hours, from south to north; in which flux of motion, which lasts about six hours, the sea gradually swells; so that, entering the mouths of rivers, it drives back the river waters to their heads.

After a continual flow for six hours, the sea seems to rest for a quarter of an hour, and then begins to ebb, or retire back again, from north to south, for six hours more; in which time the waters sinking, the rivers resume their natural course.

After a seeming pause for a quarter of an hour, the sea again begins to flow as before: and thus it has alternately risen and fallen twice a day, since the first time it was formed. This amazing appearance did not fail to excite the curiosity, as it did the wonder, of the ancients.

After some wild conjectures of the earliest sages, it became well known about the time of Pliny, that the tides were under an influence, in a small degree, of the sun; but in a much greater, of the moon.

Though others have endeavoured, with tolerable success, to explain this wonderful fact; yet it never was precisely described before the famous Newton.

Thus, as well as governing the day and the night, according to the Divine appointment, these two great lights serve other grand purposes, particularly the latter luminary, in the motion of the sea, that great watery world.

Use of Vegetables.

WHEN I consider the great number and variety of vegetables, I discover in this circumstance, as in every thing else, the beneficent views of my Creator.

What, indeed, could he propose by covering the earth with so many different herbs, plants, and fruits, but for the advantage and happiness of his creatures? They already reckon above thirty thousand species of plants, and new discoveries are continually increasing the number.

Their increase is almost infinite. For example, who would not be astonished that a grain of wheat should produce two thousand others, and that a single seed of poppy should multiply to such a degree, that in two or three years, a whole field might be sowed with it.

Can we suppose that God had not the advantage of his creatures in view, when he ordained

this prodigious increase of plants? There can remain no doubt of the Creator's intention; if we consider the use made of vegetables from the remotest times.

Do not plants and fruits furnish us every day with the most wholesome and nourishing food? Do we not mostly owe our clothes, houses, and furniture to the vegetable world?

There is no part of plants that has not its use. The roots furnish medicaments; they serve for food and fuel: to make pitch, dies, and all sorts of utensils. Of wood they make coal, buildings, fires, medicine, paper, dies, and a vast number of instruments.

The bark even has its utility in medicine, in tanning, &c. The ashes serve to manure and improve the ground, to bleach cloth, to make saltpetre, and they make use of potashes in dying.

They make use of turpentine in medicine; hard rosin to varnish, to solder. Flowers please and delight, both by their colour and smell. They serve as medicine, and are particularly useful in furnishing bees with wax and honey.

The fruits which ripen by degrees, serve for our food, and are eaten either raw, baked, dried, or preserved. But vegetables are not for the use of man alone: they are of still greater use to animals, most of which have no other food.

The reason there are so many fields, and so great a variety of herbs and plants, is, that all the different animals may find their proper food. Who can reckon all the blessings the vegetable world affords us?

An Evening Contemplation.

BEING yesterday, about sun-set, walking in the open fields, till the night insensibly fell upon me, I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colours, which appeared in the western parts of the firmament: in proportion as they faded and went out, several stars and planets arose, one after another, till the whole expanse was in a glow.

The blueness of the ether was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the season of the year, and by the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. That space called the milky way, appeared in its most beautiful white.

To complete the scene, the full moon rose at length, in clouded majesty, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer lights, than that which the sun had before discovered in the day.

As I was thus surveying the moon, walking in her brightness, and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought arose in me, which I believe very often has disturbed men of very serious and contemplative minds.

We find David himself had fallen into it, by that reflection, "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy hand, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou regardest him?"

From these, and such like reflections, I could not but look upon myself as a very insignificant creature, in the immensity of the works of God; with great cause and belief of astonishment that I was also the object of his general and special providence.

Of the Bottom of the Sea.

THOUGH the bottom of the ocean is, in some places, a plane, in some very hollow, like a valley, in others variegated with hill and dale, as on land; yet some parts are very frightful, as appears from the following account.

It is told by Kircher, that in the time of Frederick, king of Sicily, there lived a celebrated diver, whose name was Nicholas, and who, from his amazing skill in swimming, and perseverance under water, was surnamed the Fish.

The curiosity of this king had long been excited, by the accounts he had heard of the bottom of the gulf of Charybdis; and he conceived that it would be a proper opportunity to have more certain information, by getting Nicholas to take a view of it.

He therefore commanded our poor diver to examine the bottom of this dangerous whirlpool; and, as an excitement to his obedience, he ordered a golden cup to be flung into it.

Nicholas, though not insensible of the danger, yet influenced by various motives, soon jumped

into the gulf, and was instantly swallowed up in its bosom.

He continued a long while under the water, during which time the king and his attendants remained on the shore, anxious to see what would become of him; when, to their great surprise, he appeared buffeting upon the surface, holding the cup in triumph in one hand, and making his way good among the waves with the other.

It may be supposed, he was received with great applause, upon his arrival on shore; the cup was made the reward of his adventure: the king ordered him to be taken proper care of, and as he was weary and overcome by his labour, after a hearty meal, he was put to bed, and permitted to refresh himself further by sleep.

Having been restored to his usual vigour, he was brought to the king, to give a narrative of the wonders he had seen: and after observing, he would never have obeyed the king's command, if he had known half the danger; his account was to the following effect.

There were four things, he said, that rendered the gulf terrible, not only to men, but to the fishes themselves: first, the force of the waters bursting up from the bottom, which requires great strength to resist: secondly, the abruptness of the rocks, that on every side threatened sudden ruin: thirdly, the force of the whirlpool dashing against the rocks: and fourthly, the number and magnitude of polypus fish, some of which appeared as large as a man; and which, every where sticking against the rocks, projected their fibrous arms to entangle him.

Being asked how he was able so readily to find the cup, he replied, that it happened to be

thrown by the waves into the cavity of a rock against which he himself was forced in his descent.

This account, however, did not satisfy the king's curiosity. Being requested to venture once more into the gulf for further discoveries, he at first refused: but the king being desirous of having the most exact information possible of all things to be found in the gulf, repeated his solicitations, and to give them still greater weight, produced a larger cup than the other, and added also a purse of gold.

Upon these considerations, the unhappy Nicholas once more plunged into the whirlpool, and was never heard of more.

The above not only sets forth the dreadful appearance of the bottom of the sea, but serves as a lesson of virtue, to repress our presumption and thirst after gold.

The Change of Seasons.

IN the warmest climates, as well as in the coldest, there are but two seasons of the year really different. The coldest countries have summer about four months, during which the heat is very great, occasioned by the length of the days.

Their winter lasts eight months. Spring and autumn are scarcely perceptible there; because, in a very few days, an extreme heat succeeds an extreme cold; and, on the contrary, the great

heats are immediately followed by the most severe cold.

The hottest countries have a dry and burning season for seven or eight months. Afterwards comes rain, which lasts four or five months; and this rainy season makes the difference between the summer and winter.

It is only in temperate climates that there are four seasons really different in the year. The summer heats gradually decrease; so that the autumnal fruits have time to ripen by degrees, without being hurt by the cold of winter.

In the same manner, in spring, the plants have time to shoot, and grow insensibly, without being destroyed by late frosts, or too much hastened by early heats. In Europe, these four seasons are most perceptible: and particularly in Italy, and in the south of France.

If the melted snow and rain remained on the ground without evaporating, the water would annually rise to the height of a foot and three quarters in most countries. This change of season deserves our admiration.

It cannot be attributed to chance; for in fortuitous events there can neither be order nor constancy. Now, in every country throughout the world, the seasons succeed each other with the same regularity as the nights and days, and change the appearance of the earth, nearly at the usual time.

We see it successively adorned, sometimes with herbs and leaves, sometimes with flowers, sometimes with fruit. Afterwards it is stripped of all its ornaments, till spring returns.

Spring, summer, and autumn, provide food for men and animals, in giving them abundance of

fruits. And though nature appears dead in winter, that season is not without its blessings; for it moistens and fertilizes the earth, and by that preparation, makes it fit to produce its plants and fruits in due season.

As the seasons succeed in nature, so do they in the course of our lives; but with this difference, that those which are past, never return.

Of the Chimpanze, &c.

THE Chimpanze is an animal found in Angola, in Africa. It nearly approaches the human figure, but it is of a fierce disposition, and remarkably mischievous.

In the year 1738, one of these creatures was brought to England. It was about twenty months old. It walked erect, was not hairy on all parts of the body, like those of the monkey species, and was of a strong muscular make.

It would eat any coarse food, but was very fond of tea, which it drank out of a cup, with milk and sugar, as people in England do. It slept in the manner of the human species, and its voice resembled ours when we speak hastily, but without distinct or articulate sounds.

The female generally grows to about five feet high: the males larger, are very bold, and will fight a man, though he is armed.

There is a great variety of the monkey kind. There is a remarkable sort in the West-Indies,

of the size of a fox. Its face is raised high, its eyes black and shining, and its ears small and round.

Its hairs are so nicely disposed all over the body, that it appears perfectly smooth; and are much longer under the chin, so that they form a kind of beard there. These are found in great numbers in the woods, and make a loud and frightful noise. But it is very common for one, only, to make a noise, and the rest to form a mute assembly round him.

Marcgrave says, "I have frequently seen great numbers of them meeting about noon, at which time they formed a circle, and one placing himself above the rest, began to make a loud noise.

"When he had thus proceeded by himself for some time, the rest all remaining silent, he lifted up his hand, and they all immediately joined in a sort of chorus.

"This intolerable yell continued till the same monkey who gave the signal for their beginning, lifted up his hand a second time: on this, they were all silent again, and so finished the business of the assembly."

Of Whirlpools.

THE number of currents at sea are impossible to be recounted; nor, indeed, are they always known; new ones are daily produced, by a variety of causes, and as quickly disappear. When a regular current is opposed by another in a nar-

row strait, or where the bottom of the sea is uneven, a whirlpool is often formed.

These were formerly considered as formidable obstructions to navigation; and the ancient poets and historians speak of them with terror. They are described as swallowing up ships, and dashing them against the rocks, at the bottom: imagination helping, with her invention, to paint them more dreadful.

But it is certain, that some of these whirlpools are very dangerous, where the tides are strong, and the tempests fierce. To mention only one, called Maelstroom, upon the coast of Norway, which is considered as the most dreadful and devouring in the world.

The name it has received from the natives, signifies the navel of the sea, since they suppose that a great share of the water of the sea is sucked up and discharged by the whirlpool.

A particular description of the internal parts is not to be expected, since none who unhappily got in there, returned back to give information.

The body of the waters that form this whirlpool, is extended in a circle above thirteen miles in circumference. In the midst of this, stands a rock, against which the tide, in its ebb, is dashed with inconceivable fury. At this time it instantly swallows up every thing that comes within its power; trees, timber, and shipping.

No skill in the mariner, nor strength in rowing, can work an escape; the sailor at the helm, or guide of the vessel, finds her go, at first, in a current opposite to his intentions; his vessel's motion, though slow in the beginning, becomes every moment more rapid; it goes round in circles, still narrower and narrower, till at last it is dashed against

the rocks, and instantly disappears; nor is it seen again for six hours, till the tide flowing, it is vomited forth with the same violence with which it was drawn in.

The noise of this dreadful whirlpool, still further contributes to increase its terror, which, with the dashing of the waters, and the dreadful valley, if it may be so called, caused by their circulation makes one of the most terrible objects in nature

The Wisdom of Early Piety.

As soon as we are capable of reflection, we must perceive, that there is a right and a wrong in human actions. We see, that those who are born with the same worldly advantages, are not all equally happy, or even prosperous in the course of life.

While some of them, by wise and steady conduct, attain distinction among the virtuous of mankind, and pass their days with comfort and respect; others of the same rank, by mean and vicious behaviour, forfeit the advantage of their birth, plunge themselves into much misery, and end in being a disgrace to their friends, and a burden on society.

Early, then, we may learn, that it is not on the outward condition in which we find ourselves placed, but on the part which we are to act, that

our welfare or happiness—our respect among men, or infamy, depends.

Now, in the beginning of life, what can be of greater moment, than to regulate our conduct with the most serious attention, before we have yet committed any shameful and irretrievable errors?

If, instead of cultivating the mind for this valuable purpose, we deliver ourselves up, at so precarious a time, to sloth and pleasure; if we refuse to listen to any counsellor but humour, or to attend to any pursuit, but that of amusement; if we allow ourselves to float loosely and carelessly on the tide of life, ready to receive any direction which the current of fashion may happen to give us, what can we expect to follow, from such a beginning?

While so many around us are undergoing the sad consequence of such indiscretion, for what reason should not these consequences extend to us? Shall happiness grow up to us of its own accord, and solicit our acceptance, when to the rest of mankind, it is the fruit of long cultivation, and the acquisition of labour and care?

O, then, let us remember our Creator in the days of our youth, being fully assured that no good can be done, which does not proceed from his gracious self; yet, seeing that without we exert our minds and hearts towards him, which in scripture is called occupying the talent, we shall not partake of his goodness; let us, in the inward name of his Son, be faithful and given up to serve him: so shall we not only ensure to ourselves what happiness is best for us in this life, but full peace and glory in that which is to come.

The Shipwreck.

SPITSBERGEN is a far northern country, which is perpetually covered with ice and snow, owing to the severity of the weather.

The soil is hardly capable of producing any vegetables; and only a few animals are found in the country. The island is, a great part of the year, in perpetual darkness, and is at that time inaccessible to ships.

Though it is impossible to form to the mind a more dreary country, and where human life must be supported with the greatest difficulty; yet, in spite of all these obstacles, four men struggled with them six years, and three of them returned safe to their own country.

The northern seas, owing to the excessive cold of the climate, are frequently so full of ice as to render it exceedingly hazardous to ships, which are thereby exposed to the danger of being crushed between two immense bodies of ice, or of being so completely surrounded, as to deprive them of every power of moving from the spot.

In this latter alarming situation, were the crew of a Russian ship. A council was immediately held, when the mate mentioned what he recollected to have heard, that a ship's crew from Mesen, some time before, had formed a resolution of passing the winter upon this island, and for that purpose had carried timber proper for building a hut at a little distance from the shore.

This information led the whole company to

form the resolution of wintering there, should the hut be fortunately remaining.

They were induced to adopt this measure from the certainty of perishing, should they remain in the ship. They therefore deputed four of their crew to go in search of the hut, and make what further discoveries they could. These were Alexis Himkof, the mate, Iwam Himkof, his grandson, Stephen Scharossof, and Feodor Weregine.

As no human creature inhabited the shore on which they were to land, it was absolutely necessary for them to carry some provisions with them for their support.

They had to make their way for nearly two miles over loose heaps of ice, which the water had raised, and the wind had driven against each other; and this made it equally difficult and dangerous.

From this consideration, they avoided loading themselves too much with provisions, lest their weight might sink them between the pieces of ice, where they must inevitably perish.

Having previously considered all these matters, they provided themselves only with a musket and powder-horn, containing twelve charges of powder and ball, an axe, a small kettle, a bag with about twenty pounds of flour, a knife, a tinder-box and tinder, a bladder filled with tobacco, and every man his wooden pipe.

Thus poorly equipped, these four sailors reached the island, little thinking what they were to endure while they remained on it.

After exploring some small part of the country, they discovered the hut they were in pursuit of, at the distance of about an English mile and a

half from the shore. Its length was thirty-six feet, and its height and breadth eighteen.

It consisted of one room and a small antechamber, about twelve feet broad, having two doors, the one to exclude the outer air, and the other to form a communication with the inner room.

This contributed not a little to keep the larger room warm, when it was once heated. They found in the larger room an earthen stove, constructed in the Russian manner.

They rejoiced exceedingly at this discovery, though they found the hut had suffered very much from the severity of the weather, it having been built a considerable time. However, they contrived to make it supportable for that night.

The next morning early, they repaired to the shore, in order to acquaint their comrades with their success, and also to get from the vessel such provisions, ammunition, and other necessaries, as might, in some measure, enable them to struggle with the approaching winter.

But what pen can properly describe the terrible situation of their minds, when coming to the place at which they landed, they discovered nothing but an open sea, clear of all ice, though but a day before it had covered the ocean!

During the night a violent storm had arisen, which had been the cause of this change of appearance in the ocean. Whether the ice, which had before surrounded the vessel, being put into motion by the violence of the winds and waves, had crushed the ship to pieces, or whether she had been carried by the current into the main ocean, it was impossible for them to determine. However, they saw the ship no more, and as she was never afterwards heard of, it is most likely

that she went to the bottom, with every person on board.

This dreadful event deprived the poor unhappy men of all hopes of ever again seeing their native country. They returned to the hut, and there bewailed their deplorable lot, more, perhaps, to be pitied, than those who were buried in the bosom of the deep.

Their thoughts were, of course, first directed to procure subsistence, and to repair their hut. Their twelve charges of powder and shot, soon procured them as many rein-deer, of which there fortunately happened to be many on the island.

They then set about repairing their hut, and filled all the crevices, through which the air found its way, with the moss that grew there in plenty. As it was impossible to live in that climate without fire, and as no wood grew upon the island, they were much alarmed on that account.

However, in their wanderings over the beach, they met with plenty of wood, which had been driven on shore by the waves.

This principally consisted of the wrecks of ships; but sometimes whole trees, with their roots, came on shore, the undoubted produce of some more hospitable clime, which were washed from their native soil by the overflowing of rivers, or some other accident.

As soon as their powder and shot were exhausted, they began to be in dread of perishing with hunger; but good fortune, and their own ingenuity, to which necessity always gives a spur, removed these dreadful apprehensions.

In the course of their traversing the beach, they one day discovered some boards, in which were large hooks and nails in abundance.

By the assistance of these, they made spears and arrows; and from a yew-tree, which had been thrown on shore by the waves, they formed plenty of bows.

With these weapons, during the time of their continuance on the island, they killed upwards of two hundred and fifty rein-deer, besides a great number of blue and white foxes.

The flesh of these animals served them for food, and their skins were equally useful in supplying them with warm clothing.

The number of white bears they killed, was only ten; for these animals being very strong, defended themselves with great vigour and fury, and even ventured to make their appearance, frequently, at the door of their hut, from whence they were driven with some difficulty and danger.

Thus, these three different sorts of animals were the only food of those miserable mariners, during their long and dreary abode on this island.

The intenseness of the cold, and the want of conveniences, rendered it impossible for them to cook their victuals properly, so that they were obliged to eat their provisions almost raw, and without bread or salt. There was but one stove in the hut, and that being in the Russian manner was not suitable for boiling.

However, to remedy this inconvenience as much as possible, they dried some of their provisions during the summer, in the open air, and then hung them up in the upper part of the hut, which, being continually filled with smoke, they thus became thoroughly dried. This they used instead of bread, which made them relish their half-boiled meat the better.

They procured their water in summer, from

the rivulets that fell from the rocks, and in the winter from snow and ice thawed. This was their only drink, and their small kettle was the only convenience they had to make use of for this and many other purposes.

As it was necessary to keep up a continual fire, they were particularly cautious not to let the light be extinguished; for though they had both steel and flints, yet they had no tinder; and it would have been a terrible thing to be without light in a climate where darkness reigns so many months during the winter.

They, therefore, fashioned a kind of lamp, which they filled with rein-deer fat, and stuck into it some twisted linen, shaped in the form of a wick.

After many trials, they at last brought their lamp to complete perfection, and kept it burning without intermission, from the day they first made it, till they embarked for their native country.

They also found themselves in want of shoes, boots, and other necessary articles of dress, for all which they found wonderful resources in that genius to which necessity gives birth.

Having lived more than six years upon this dreary and inhospitable island, a ship happened to arrive there, which took three of them on board, and carried them back to their native country.

The fourth man was seized with the scurvy, and being naturally indolent, and not using proper exercise, he died, after lingering for some time, when his companions buried him in the snow.

Of the Lion.

THE Lion seldom attacks any animal openly, except when compelled by extreme hunger; in that case, no danger deters him; but as most animals endeavour to avoid him, he is obliged to have recourse to artifice, and take his prey by surprise.

For this purpose, he crouches on his belly, in some thicket, where he waits till his prey approaches; and then, with one prodigious spring, he leaps upon it, at the distance of fifteen or twenty feet, and generally seizes it at the first bound.

If he miss his object, he gives up the pursuit; and, turning back towards the place of his ambush, he measures the ground, step by step, and again lies in wait for another opportunity.

The lurking place of the lion is generally chosen near a spring, or by the side of a river; where he frequently has an opportunity of catching such animals as come to quench their thirst. There are, however, instances where the lion deviates from his usual method of taking his prey, of which the following, related by Sparrman, is remarkable:

A Hottentot, perceiving that he was followed by a lion, and concluding that the animal only waited the approach of night to make him his prey, began to consider of the best method of providing for his safety, which he at length effected in the following singular manner: observing a piece of broken ground, with a precipitate descent on one side, he sat down by the edge of

it ; and found, to his great joy, that the lion also made a halt, and kept at the same distance as before.

As soon as it grew dark, the Hottentot, sliding gently forward, let himself down a little below the edge of the hill, and held up his cloak and hat upon a stick, making, at the same time, a gentle motion with it ; the lion, in the meanwhile, came creeping softly towards him, like a cat, and mistaking the skin-cloak for the man himself, made a spring and fell headlong down the precipice ; by which means the poor Hottentot was safely delivered from his insidious enemy.

Of the Pernicious Effects of Spirituous Liquors.

VEGETATION has united and incorporated in the grain, by means of air and water, spirituous and earthy elements, which, combined, form a sweet and nourishing substance ; if this intimate junction is destroyed, or resolved by fermentation, the spirituous part is separated from the earthy, which is then deprived of its body, and is no longer a sweet, nourishing substance.

It produces a spirit which destroys like fire. Thus brandy and spirits are made. A few hundred years ago, brandy was not known among us. About a thousand years ago, the destructive art of distilling spirits of wine, from wine, was found

out ; and it is three hundred since brandy was first distilled from grain.

In the beginning, it was considered as physic : it did not, however, gain any degree of general request, till the close of the last century, or rather the last fifty years, that it has become an universal beverage, to the great detriment of mankind.

Our forefathers, in former times, who had no idea of brandy, were quite different from what we are ; they were much more healthy and strong.

Brandy, whether drank by itself or at meals, cannot be converted into blood, flesh, or bone : consequently, it cannot give health or strength, nor does it promote digestion ; it only makes one unhealthy, stupid, lazy, and weak. It is, therefore, a downright falsehood, that brandy, as a common beverage, is useful, good, and necessary.

Our forefathers lived without it ; and as experience teaches us, that even the most moderate and most reasonable who give way to the custom of using it, drink every day more and more brandy ; it is much better, in order to avoid temptation, to drink none at all ; for, believe me, brandy deprives every body who addicts himself to the immoderate daily use of it, of health, reason, and virtue.

It impels some to quit their houses and homes, to abandon their wives and children, and entails on its wretched votaries, misery and diseases, which may descend to the third and fourth generation

It has been observed in different countries, in England, Scotland, Sweden, North America, and Germany, that the evils which health, strength, reason, virtue, prosperity, domestic and matrimonial felicity, the education of children, humanity,

and the life of man, have to encounter, were in proportion to the quantity of brandy consumed.

It was this that induced an Indian, in North America, of the name of Lackawanna, to say, that the brandy which had been introduced amongst the Indians, by the English, tended to corrupt mankind and destroy humanity. "They have given us (said he) brandy! and who has given it to them, (Europeans,) who else but an evil spirit?"

Children and young persons who drink brandy, or other spirituous liquors, become unhealthy, crippled, stupid, rude, lazy, vicious, and depraved both as to mind and body. And the same effects may be produced by taking any other kind of spirituous liquors.

Of the Rattlesnake.

THIS is a wonderful creature, when we consider his form, nature, and disposition. It is certain, that he is capable, by a puncture or scratch of one of his fangs, not only to kill the largest animal in America, and that in a few minutes time, but to turn the whole body into corruption.

But such is the nature of this dreadful reptile, that he cannot run or creep faster than a man or child can walk, and he is never known to strike until he is first assaulted, or fears himself in danger: and even then, always gives the earliest warning by the rattles at the extremity of the tail.

I have, in the course of my travels in the southern states, (where they are the largest and the most numerous, and supposed to be the most venomous and vindictive,) stopped unknowingly so close to one of them as almost to touch him with my foot, and when I perceived him, he was already drawn up in circular coils, ready for a blow.

But, however incredible it may appear, the generous, I may say magnanimous creature, lay as still and motionless as if inanimate; his head crouched in, his eyes almost shut.

If you pursue and overtake him with a show of enmity, he instantly throws himself into the spiral coil; his tail, by the rapidity of its motion, appears like a vapour, and makes a quick tremulous sound, his whole body swells through rage, continually rising and falling like a bellows; his beautiful party coloured skin becomes speckled and rough by dilatation: his head and neck are flattened, his cheeks swollen, and his lips constricted, discovering his mortal fangs; his eyes red as burning coals, and his brandishing forked tongue, of the colour of the hottest flame, continually menaces death and destruction, yet he never strikes unless sure of his mark.

The rattlesnake is the largest serpent yet known to exist in North America. I have heard of their having been seen formerly, at the first settling of Georgia, seven, eight, and even ten feet in length, and six or eight inches in diameter; but there are none of that size now to be seen: yet I have seen them above six feet in length, and above six inches in thickness, or as large as a man's leg, but their general size is four and five feet in length.

They are supposed to have the power of fas-

cination in an eminent degree, so as to enthrall their prey. It is generally believed, that they charm birds, rabbits, squirrels, and other animals, and by steadfastly looking at them, possess them with infatuation: be the cause what it may, the miserable creatures undoubtedly strive by every possible means to escape; but alas! their endeavours are in vain, they at last lose the power, flutter or move slowly, but reluctantly, towards the yawning jaws of their devourer, and creep into their mouths, or lie down and suffer themselves to be taken and swallowed.

Worthy of Imitation.

DURING the retreat of the famous king Alfred, at Athenly in Somersetshire, after the defeat of his forces by the Danes, the following circumstance happened, which, while it convinces us of the extremities to which that great man was reduced, will give us a striking proof of his pious and benevolent disposition.

A beggar came to his little castle there, and requested alms; when his queen informed him, that they had only one small loaf remaining, which was insufficient for themselves, and their friends were gone abroad in quest of food, though with little hope of success.

The king replied, "Give the poor Christian one half of the loaf. He that could feed five thou-

sand men with five loaves and two fishes, can certainly make that half of the loaf suffice for our necessities."

Accordingly the poor man was relieved, and this noble act of charity soon recompensed by a providential store of fresh provisions, with which his people returned.

Of all the singular virtues which united in the character of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, that which crowned the whole, was his exemplary piety to God. The following is related of him when he was in his camp before Werben.

He had been alone in the cabinet of his pavilion some hours together, and none of his attendants, at these seasons, durst interrupt him.

At length, however, a favourite of his having some important matter to tell him, came softly to the door, and looking in, beheld the king very devoutly on his knees at prayer. Fearing to molest him in that sacred exercise, he was about to turn his head, when the king spied him, and bidding him come in, said,

"Thou wonderest to see me in this posture, since I have so many thousands of subjects to pray for me : but I tell thee, that no man has more need to pray for himself, than he, who being to render an account of his actions to none but God, is for that reason more closely assaulted by temptation, than all other men."

Repentance.

EUSEBIUS, in his history, informs us, that St. John during his ministration to the western churches, cast his eye upon a young man remarkable for the extent of his knowledge, and the ingenuousness of his mind.

The aged apostle thought that he had discovered in him an useful instrument for propagating Christianity: accordingly he took particular pains to convert him, and instruct him in the divine doctrines of his great Master: and that he might still be better acquainted with the system of Christianity, at his departure he recommended him to the care of a pious old father, who had some authority in the infant church.

The youth continued awhile in the duties of his new profession, and attended with care to the instruction of his venerable tutor.

But his former associates, when they found themselves deserted by him, were grieved at the success of the apostle, and exerted their utmost efforts to regain so useful and entertaining a companion. They succeeded in their attempts: the father was forsaken, and the youth plunged deep into irregularity and vice.

The apostle, after some time, returned to those parts: "and where," said he with impatience to his aged friend, "where is my favourite youth?" "Alas!" replied the good old man, with tears in his eyes, "he is fallen, irrecoverably fallen: he has forsaken the society of saints, and is now a

leader of a gang of robbers in the neighbouring mountains."

Upon hearing this unexpected and unpleasant account, the apostle forgot his sufferings and his years, and hastened to the place of rendezvous, where, being seized by one of the band, he desired to speak with their captain.

The captain being told that a strange pilgrim asked to be admitted to him, ordered him to be brought before him: but when he beheld the venerable apostle, his hopes of amusement sunk, and were changed into shame and confusion; and at his gentle reproof, the hardy leader of a band of robbers, trembled before a poor and helpless old man. He quitted once more the society of wickedness, and lived and died in the service of his Redeemer.

There is nothing New under the Sun.

It is certain, that in respect to us, there happen many new things upon earth. It is true, new flowers blow every season, and various fruits ripen. The scene of nature changes every year. Each day brings new events and new revolutions. The situations of objects change daily, or rather, they present themselves to our senses under different forms. But it is only relative to our limited understandings and knowledge, that it can really be said, there is any thing new under the sun.

Nothing is more certain than the saying of Solomon, that "what has been will be, and what has been done will be done, and there is nothing new under the sun." The Creator, whose wisdom is infinite, has not thought proper to multiply beings unnecessarily.

There are as many as our wants, our pleasure, or our curiosity require. We cannot even gain a superficial knowledge of all the works of our Creator, much less are we able to exhaust them. Our senses are not subtle enough to perceive all that he has formed.

Our understandings are too weak to conceive a just and perfect idea of all created beings. We therefore, sometimes imagine there are many new things under the sun; for, as the whole creation is immense, and as we cannot take in all the parts of it at once, we fancy, that each point of view we see it in, for the first time, is new, because the Creator has, in every part of the world, made a wonderful variety and diversity.

The world does not require a continued creation to extend to infinity.—It is enough that the Being of beings should maintain the order he has established from the beginning.—He is an artist who requires but a small number of springs to vary the work he has produced; and which are, however, so varied, and in so great a number, that though they succeed one another, and return with the greatest regularity, they appear to us ever new.

Let us be content to enjoy with gratitude the things he has created, without undertaking to sound the depths of them, or attempting to take in their vast extent.

The impossibility of our reckoning all the works

of the creation is, in some sort, the seal by which we may conclude that the world is the work of a God: and it is, at the same time, a certain proof of the weakness of our understandings.

But have there not been discoveries made lately, which were formerly entirely unknown? Do not all the kingdoms of nature now present phenomena to us that we had no idea of formerly? The most of these discoveries we owe less to our sagacity than to our wants.

In proportion as these multiplied, new means were necessary to supply them, and Providence deigned to furnish us with those. But the means existed before we discovered them.

The minerals, plants, and animals which we have lately learned to know, existed in the bosom of the earth, or on its surface, before the inquiries and labour of man had made them visible to us.

It is even certain, that many of the discoveries we boast the most of, were made by the ancients, or at least partly discovered. Why then do we not see new kinds of animals, plants, and stones? It is because all has been planned by infinite wisdom.

All that he does is so perfect, that it does not require to be renewed or created again; there is sufficient for our convenience and use. Nothing was made by chance; all events are linked together by him in one chain. The whole fabrick of the world is preserved by the providence of its Creator.

Of Volcanoes.

MINES and caverns reach but a very little way under the earth's surface, and therefore, we cannot know by them of the deep recesses of our globe. Without doubt, the wonders that are still unknown, surpass those that have been represented, as there are depths of thousands of miles which are hidden from our inquiry.

The only tidings we have from these unfathomable regions, are by means of volcanoes, those burning mountains, that seem to discharge their materials from the lowest abysses of the earth.

Out of their mouths, which are of a prodigious size, are thrown whole clouds of smoke and ashes, torrents of flame and sulphur, with rocks of an enormous size, which are thrown to many miles distance; so that the force or report of any human invention, is but as a breeze agitating a feather, or the rattling of a cart-wheel in comparison.

In the deluge of fire and melted matter which runs down the sides of the mountain, whole cities are swallowed up and consumed. Nor is the danger of these confined to eruptions only: but they frequently produce earthquakes through the whole region where the volcano is situated.

These volcanoes are found in all the four quarters of the globe. In Europe, there are three very remarkable ones: Etna in Sicily, Vesuvius in Italy, and Hecla in Iceland. Etna has been a vol-

cano for ages immemorial. Its eruptions are very violent, and its discharge has been known to cover the earth sixty-eight feet deep.

In the year 1537, an eruption of this mountain produced an earthquake through the whole island for twelve days, overturned many houses, and at last formed a new opening, which overwhelmed all within five leagues round. The cinders thrown up were driven even into Italy, and its burnings were seen at Malta, at the distance of sixty leagues.

It is very difficult to get to examine this dreadful place; but its mouth has been computed to be about two miles over, and so deep that no bottom can be seen; on the sides of which, sharp spiky rocks start up between apertures or holes that emit smoke and flame: all this, accompanied with a sound that never ceases, louder than thunder, strikes the bold with terror, and the religious with veneration for him that has power to control its burnings.

Of the Brown Bear.

THE brown bear is found in almost every climate, is sometimes carnivorous, but its general food is fruits, roots, and vegetables: it is a savage and solitary animal, lives in desert and unfrequented places, and chooses its den in the most gloomy and retired parts of the forest, or in the most dangerous and inaccessible precipices or unfrequented mountains.

It retires alone to its den about the end of autumn, (at which time it is very fat,) and lives for several weeks in a state of total inactivity and abstinence from food. During this time, the female brings forth her young and suckles them.

She chooses her retreat for that purpose in the most retired places, apart from the male, lest he should devour them; she makes a warm bed for her young, and attends them with unremitted care during four months, and in all that time, scarcely allows herself any nourishment. She brings forth two, and sometimes three young at a time.

In the spring, the old bears, attended by their young, come out of their retreats, lean and almost famished by their long confinement: they then ransack every quarter in search of food.

They frequently climb trees, and devour the fruit in great quantities; particularly the date plum-trees, of which they are exceedingly fond. They ascend these trees with surprising agility, keep themselves firm on the branches with one paw, and with the other collect the fruit.

The bear is remarkably fond of honey, which it will encounter great difficulties to obtain, and seek for with great cunning and avidity. It enjoys, in a superior degree, the senses of hearing and smelling. When tamed, it appears mild and obedient to its master, but it is not to be trusted without the greatest caution.

The excessive cruelties practised upon this poor animal, in teaching it to walk erect, and regulate its motion to the sound of the flageolet, are such as make sensibility shudder. Its eyes are often put out, and an iron ring being put through the cartilage of the nose to lead it by, it is kept

from food and beaten, till it yield obedience to the will of the savage tutors.

It is truly shocking to every feeling mind to reflect, that such cruelties should be exercised upon any part of the brute creation by our fellow men. That they should be rewarded by numbers of unthinking people, who crowd around them to see the animal's rude attempts to imitate human actions, is not to be wondered at: but it is much to be wished, that the timely interference of the magistrates would prevent every exhibition of this kind, that we might not be reproached with tolerating practices so disgraceful to humanity.

One of these animals, presented to the Prince of Wales a few years ago, was kept in the tower. By the carelessness of the servant, the door of his den was left open; and the keeper's wife happening to go across the court, the animal flew out, seized the woman, and fastened upon her neck, which he bit; and without offering any further violence, lay sucking the blood out of the wound.

Resistance was in vain, as it only served to irritate the brute; and she must inevitably have perished, had not her husband luckily discovered her situation, and by a sudden blow with a staff, obliged the bear to quit his hold and retire to his den; which he did with great reluctance, and not without making a second attempt to come at the woman, who was almost dead through fear and loss of blood.

It is somewhat remarkable, that whenever it happened to see her afterwards, it growled and made most violent struggles to get out to her. The prince, upon hearing of this circumstance, ordered the bear to be killed.

Of the Luminous Particles observed on the Surface of the Sea.

WHEN a ship is under full sail, we often see a great light in her wake, that is, in the water she has run through, and as it were broken in her passage. Those who do not look narrowly at this light, often attribute it to the moon, the stars, or the lantern on the stern.

But by a little attention, this mistake is easily rectified, since the light is greatest when the moon is under the horizon, when the stars are covered by clouds, when the candle in the lantern is extinguished, and when no other light appears on the surface of the sea.

This light is not always equal, since, on some occasions, it is hardly discernible; sometimes it is clear, and at others languid; sometimes it is far extended, and at others not.

It is sometimes so great that we may read by it nine or ten feet above the surface of the water. As for its extent, sometimes the whole wake appears luminous for the space of thirty to forty feet; but the light decreases in proportion as it is farther from the ship.

Sometimes we may in the wake easily distinguish the luminous from the obscure parts; on which occasion, the wake appears like a beautiful river of milk.

Not only the wake of a ship produces this light: the motion of fish affords a light sufficient to distinguish their bulk and species. Sometimes

a numerous shoal of fish, when sporting in the sea, excite a kind of artificial, but very agreeable fire. Very often a rope opposed to the motion of the waves, is sufficient to render them luminous.

If sea-water is stirred in the dark, we find an infinite number of shining particles in it. If we dip a piece of linen in it, and wring it in the dark, we see the same thing, and also perceive a number of sparks flying out of it, when we but shake it after it is half dry.

When one of the sparks is formed, it lasts a long time ; and if it falls on any solid body, such as the edge of a vessel, it will last for several hours. At Brazil, the shore sometimes appears all on fire with these sparks.

The production of them depends, in a great measure, on the quality of the water ; and generally speaking, this light is greatest when the sea is most foaming.

Sometimes, a piece of linen dipped in the sea, comes out all over glutinous. It is observable, that when the wake is most shining, the water is most viscid and fat. A cloth dipped in this water gives most light when it is moved.

The following observations serve to prove that the water is the more luminous in proportion to its viscosity. A fish was one day caught, which some took to be a bonite. The inside of the throat of the fish, in the night-time, appeared like a live coal ; so that, without any other light, a person could have read as well as by the most luminous wake.

The throat was full of a viscid matter, with which, when a bit of wood was besmeared, it forthwith became luminous ; but as soon as the

humour was dried, the light was extinguished. The external parts of several kinds of fish, when out of water, will emit a strong light by night.

Of Cultivating the Social Virtues.

YOUTH is the proper season for cultivating the benevolent and humane affections. As a great part of thy happiness is to depend on the connexions which thou wilt form with others, it is of high importance to acquire, betimes, the temper and the manners which will gain esteem from the good, and command respect from the world, though contrary to its practice in general.

Let, then, a strict sense of justice be a chief foundation for all thy social qualities. In thy most early intercourse, and even in thy youthful amusements, let no unfairness be found. Engrave on thy mind that sacred rule, of "doing in all things to others as thou wouldst wish they should do unto thee." For this end, impress thyself with a deep sense of the original and natural equality of them.

Whatever advantages in thy birth or estate thou possessest, never display them with vain glory. Leave such subordinations to regulate, if necessary, the intercourse of thy more advanced years: at present, it becomes thee to act among thy companions as man with man.

Remember how unknown to thee are the changes of this world; and how often they on whom ignorant and contemptuous young men once look.

ed down with scorn, have risen to be their superiors in virtue and true goodness in future years.

Compassion is an emotion of which thou shouldst never be ashamed. Graceful in youth, is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of wo. Let not ease and self-indulgence contract thy affections, and wrap thee up in selfish enjoyment. Accustom thyself to think of the distresses of human life; of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan.

Sport not with pain and anxiety, in any of thy amusements, nor treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty; because that just and holy Being who gave us life, takes notice of all our actions; yea, knoweth our thoughts before they are formed; of whom it is written, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

Of the restless motion of the Sea, and its Effects on the Land.

IN places where the force of the sea is not violent, nor its tides rapid, the shores are generally seen to descend with a gradual declivity or slope. Over these, the waters of the tide steal, by almost imperceptible degrees, covering them for a large extent, and leaving them bare on its recess.

Upon these shores, the sea seldom beats with any great violence, as a large wave has not depth

sufficient to float it onwards; so that here only are to be seen gentle surges, making calmly towards the land, and lessening as they approach.

In others, where the sea is deep, and forms strong currents, we see the land worn away until it is at last formed into astonishing bulwarks, so as to stop the further encroachments of the assailing ocean. In other places which were threatened with destruction from the sea, bulwarks have been raised by art to oppose its encroachments.

The sea's being thus seen to take away land at pleasure, in some places, and also to give it in others, is, without question, one of the most extraordinary considerations in natural history.

In some places, it is seen to obtain the superiority, by slow and certain approaches, or to burst in at once, and overwhelm all things in undistinguished destruction; in other places, it departs from its shores, and, where its waters have been known to rage, it leaves the land dry, which becomes covered with the most beautiful verdure.

The foregoing is fully confirmed by ancient and modern histories of the principal parts of the world, our own not excepted. In Yorkshire, as well as in other parts of the world, several places that were formerly inhabited, are now under water; and at the mouth of the Humber, some hundreds of acres have been left dry, and the land cultivated.

On the Use of Carriages.

WITH respect to exercise, the various machines that have been invented for every sort of work, render bodily strength of less importance than formerly : this change, so far as they are useful, is favourable to the operations of the mind, without hurting bodily health.

The travelling on horseback, though a less vigorous exertion of strength than walking, is not luxury, because it is a healthful exercise. This cannot be said of wheel-carriages. A spring coach, rolling along a smooth road, gives no exercise, or so little as to be a preventive of no disease. It tends to disable the body, as well as the mind.

The increase of wheel-carriages, within a century, is a remarkable proof of the growth of luxurious indolence. During the reign of James I. the English judges rode to Westminster on horseback, and probably did so many years after his death.

Charles I. issued a proclamation, prohibiting hackney-coaches to be used in London, except by those who travelled at least three miles out of town. At the restoration, Charles II. made his public entry into London on horseback, between his two brothers, the Dukes of York and Gloucester.

We are told by Rushworth, that in London, not above a hundred years ago, there were but twenty hackney-coaches, which did not stand in the streets, but were kept at home till called for.

He adds, that the king and counsel published a proclamation against them, because they raised the price of provender upon the king, and higher class of people.

At present, one thousand of those coaches ply in the streets of London. The first coach with glasses, in France, was brought from Brussels to Paris, in the year 1660, by the Prince of Conde. Sedan chairs were not known in England before the year 1634.

It remains now to remark, that particularly cookery and coaches, as well as every other luxury, tend to destroy virtue and health : the one, by gratifying the appetites to excess, takes away every relish for virtuous improvement ; the other, serving our indolence, leaves no necessity for bodily exercise : and so, in partaking of both, a man's health is ruined.

On the Sense of Property.

IN the earliest ages of the world, perhaps, every man separately hunted for himself and his family. But as that way of life in itself is subject to many inconveniences, it was thought proper to carry it on in common. We find, accordingly, the practice of hunting and fishing in common, even amongst the wildest sort of people.

In small tribes, where the spirit of freedom is lively, or in a country thinly peopled, in proportion to its fertility, the living in common is agreeable. But in a large state, where selfishness prevails, or in any state wherein is much people, and which will, of course, require extraordinary culture, the best method is to permit every man to shift for himself and his family.

Men wish to labour for themselves; and they labour more ardently for themselves than for the public. The sense of property is not confined to mankind only. The beavers perceive the timber they store up for food, to be their property; and the bees seem to have the same perception, with respect to their winter's stock of honey. Sheep know when they are in a trespass, and run to their own pasture on the sight of a man: monkeys do the same, when overseen in robbing an orchard.

Sheep and horned cattle have a sense of property with respect to their resting place in a fold or enclosure, which every one guards against the trespass of another. I think he must be wrong who denies that perception to rooks.

Thieves there are among them, as among men. But if a rook take a stick from another's nest, it is said a council is held, much chattering ensues, and it ends with destroying the nest of the criminal or offender.

To man alone are furnished rude materials only. To convert these into food and clothing, requires industry; and if he had not a sense that the product of his labour belongs to himself, his industry would be faint. In general, it is pleasant to observe, that the sense of property is always given where it is useful.

The Heinous Nature of Avarice.

THAT thirst of the unrenewed heart after more than is necessary, even of lawful things, is properly called covetousness; and truly it is a reproach to any man, and especially a religious person, that he knows not when he has enough; when to leave off; when to be satisfied.

That notwithstanding one plentiful season of gain after another, he is so far from making that the cause of withdrawing from the trafficks of the world, that he makes it a sufficient reason for launching further into it; as if the more he hath, the more he desires.

He, therefore, reneweth his appetite, like an unsatisfied glutton, and bestirs himself more than ever, that he may have his share in the scramble, while any thing is to be had: this is as if cumber, not retirement, and gain, not contentment, were the duty and the comfort of the Christian.

O, that this thing were better considered! for not being so observable, nor falling under the eye of human law, as other, not greater vices do, there is more danger, for want of that check. It is plain, that most people strive not for a competency alone, but wealth. Some there are, who love it strongly, and spend it freely, or rather prodigally, when they have gotten it.

Though this is sinful, yet it is more excusable, if not in the carrying on of horrid crimes, than to love money for money's sake; for this is one of the basest passions the mind of man can be capti-

vated with ; a perfect lust ; and a more soul-defiling one, is hardly to be found in the catalogue of concupiscence.

See, then, O ye of the rising generation, and nip this poisonous fruit in the bud, lest ye be of the number of those which cumber the ground.

The Greenland Dog.

THE savage aspect and disposition of this dog, seem to bear some affinity to the rigours of the climate it inhabits.

Most of the Greenland dogs are white ; but some are spotted, and some black. They may rather be said to howl than bark. The Greenlanders sometimes eat their flesh ; they make garments of their skins, and use them in drawing sledges. Five of these dogs, that had escaped with their trappings, were found in Greenland, and brought to this country a few years ago, by one of our ships in the fishery.

The dogs of Kamschatka are strong, nimble, and active, and are very useful in drawing sledges, the only method of travelling in that dreary country during the winter. They travel with great expedition ; Captain King relates, that during his stay there, a courier, with despatches, drawn by them, performed a journey of 270 miles in less than four days.

The sledges are usually drawn by five dogs ;

four of them yoked two and two abreast ; the foremost acts as leader to the rest. The reins being fastened to a collar, round the leading dog's neck, are of little use in directing the pack, the driver depending chiefly on their obedience to his voice, with which he animates them to proceed.

Great care and attention are necessarily used in training up those for leaders, which are more valuable according to their steadiness and docility, the sum of forty roubles, or ten pounds sterling, being no unusual price for one of them.

The rider has a crooked stick, answering the purpose both of whip and reins ; with which, by striking on the snow, he regulates the speed of the dogs, or stops them at his pleasure. When they are inattentive to their duty, he often chastises them by throwing it at them.

He discovers great dexterity in regaining his stick, which is the greatest difficulty attending his situation ; for if he should happen to lose it, the dogs immediately perceive the circumstance, and seldom fail to set off at full speed, and continue to run till their strength is exhausted, or till the carriage is overturned, and dashed to pieces, or hurried down a precipice.

In the winter of 1784, a dog of this kind was left by a smuggling vessel, near Boomer, on the coast of Northumberland. Finding himself deserted, he began to worry sheep ; and did so much damage, that he became the terror of the country, within the circuit of above twenty miles.

When he caught a sheep, he bit a hole in its right side, and after eating the tallow about the kidneys, he left it ; several of them thus lacerated were found alive by the shepherds, and being taken proper care of, some of them recovered.

From his delicacy in this respect, the destruction he made may in some measure be conceived; as it may be supposed, that the fat of one sheep a day, would hardly satisfy his hunger. The farmers were so much alarmed by his depredations, that various means were used for his destruction.

They frequently pursued him with hounds, greyhounds, &c. but when the dogs came up with him he laid down on his back, as if supplicating for mercy; and in that position they never hurt him; he therefore laid quietly, taking his rest, till the hunters approached, when he made off without being followed by the hounds, till they were again excited to the pursuit, which always terminated unsuccessfully.

And it is worthy of notice, that he was one day pursued from Howick, to upwards of thirty miles distance; but returned thither and killed sheep the same evening. His constant residence, during the day, was upon a rock on the Heugh-hill, near Howick, where he had a view of four roads that approached it; and in the spring of 1785, after many fruitless attempts, he was at last shot there.

Of Water Spouts.

THESE spouts are very common in hot climates, though but seldom in our own. They extend from indeterminate heights in the air, down

into the sea. Tournefort's account of the last of three, seen by him in the Mediterranean Sea, describes them thus: "In the beginning, they were all about the thickness of one's finger, except at the top, where they were broader.

"Shortly after, two of them disappeared; the third one increased considerably, and its canal, which was at first so small, soon became as thick as a man's arm, then as his leg, and at last thicker than his whole body.

"I saw distinctly through this clear body, the water, which rose up with a winding motion, and it sometimes diminished a little of its thickness, and again increased to the same: sometimes widening at top, and sometimes at bottom; and I am almost convinced, that this alteration in the spout was caused by the wind, which pressed the cloud, and forced it to give up its contents.

"After some time, its bulk was so decreased as to be no thicker than a man's arm again; and thus swelling and diminishing, it at last became very small. In the end, I observed the sea, which was raised about it, to resume its level by degrees, and the end of the spout that touched it, to become contracted, as if tied around with a cord; and this continued till the light, striking through the cloud, took away the view.

"I still, however, continued to look, expecting that its parts would join again, as I had before seen, in one of the others, in which the spout was more than once broken, and yet again came together; but I was disappointed, for the spout appeared no more."

These spouts are extremely dangerous to ships at sea, when they happen too near them; for if

a vessel were to strike one of them, it would instantly break, and either greatly damage or sink it to the bottom.

The Polar, or Great White Bear.

It inhabits only the coldest parts of the globe, and has been found about latitude eighty, as far as navigators have penetrated northwards. These inhospitable regions seem adapted to its sullen nature.

It has been seldom seen farther south than Newfoundland; but abounds chiefly on the shores of Hudson's Bay, Greenland, and Spitzbergen, on one side; and those of Nova Zembla, on the other.

It has been sometimes found in the intermediate countries of Norway and Iceland; but such as have appeared in those parts, have always been driven thither upon floating sheets of ice, so that those countries are only acquainted with them by accident.

During summer, they take up their residence on large islands of ice, and frequently pass from one to another. They swim well, and can go to the distance of six or seven leagues; they likewise dive, but do not continue long under water.

When the pieces of ice are detached by strong winds or currents, the bears allow themselves to be carried along with them ; and as they cannot regain the land, or abandon the ice on which they are embarked, they often perish in the open sea.

Those which arrive with the ice on the coasts of Iceland or Norway, are almost famished with hunger, from the length of their voyage, and are extremely voracious.

A few years since, the crew of a boat belonging to a ship in the whale fishery, shot at a bear, at a short distance, and wounded it ; the animal immediately set up the most dreadful yells, and ran along the ice towards the boat.

Before it reached it, a second shot was fired, and hit it. This served to increase its fury ; it presently swam to the boat, and in attempting to get on board, reached its fore foot upon the gunwale, but one of the crew having a hatchet, cut it off.

The animal, however, still continued to swim after them, till they arrived at the ship, and several shots were fired at it, which also took effect : but on reaching the ship, it immediately ascended the deck, and the crew having fled into the shrouds, it was pursuing them thither, when a shot from one of them laid it dead upon the deck.

Its flesh is white, and is said to taste like mutton ; the fat is melted for train oil, and that of the feet for medicine. The fondness for their offspring is so great, that they will die rather than desert them. Wounds serve only to make their attachment more violent ; they embrace their cubs to the last, and bemoan them with the most piteous cries.

They feed on fish, seals, and the carcasses of whales. Allured by the scent of the seal's flesh, they often break into the huts of the Greenlanders.

Of Humility in our Attainments.

EVERY person of good capacity naturally desires increase of knowledge; but what doth knowledge profit without the fear of the Lord? Better is the humble peasant, that serveth God, than the proud philosopher, who, destitute of the knowledge of himself, can describe the course of the planets.

He that truly knows himself, becomes vile in his own eyes, and has no delight in the praise of man. If I knew all that the world contains, and had not charity, what would it avail me in the sight of God, who will judge me according to my deeds? Rest from an inordinate desire of knowledge, for it is subject to much perplexity and delusion.

Learned men are fond of the notice of the world, and desire to be accounted wise; but there are many things, the knowledge of which has no tendency to promote the divine life; and it is surely a proof of folly to devote ourselves wholly to that with which our supreme good has no connexion.

The heart is not to be satisfied with a multitude of words; but a holy life is a continual feast, and

a pure conscience the foundation of a firm and immoveable confidence in the Almighty. The more thou knowest, and the better thou understandest, the more severe will be thy condemnation, unless thy life be proportionably more holy and useful.

Be not, therefore, exalted for any uncommon skill in any art or science, but let thy knowledge, if superior, make thee more fearful and more watchful over thyself.

If thou wouldst learn and know that which is truly useful, love to be unknown as to thy abilities, and to be held in no estimation; for the highest and most profitable learning is, the knowledge and contempt of ourselves; and to have no opinion of our own merit, and always to think well and highly of the good in others, is an evidence of true wisdom and perfection. Therefore, though all men are frail, thou shouldst count none more so than thyself.

On the Study of History.

THE advantages found in history seem to be of three kinds; as it amuses the fancy, as it improves the understanding, and as it strengthens virtue.

In reality, what more agreeable entertainment to the mind than to be transported into the remotest ages of the world, and to observe human

society, in its infancy, making the first faint essays toward the arts and sciences? to see the policy of government and the civility of conversation refining by degrees, and every thing that is ornamental to human life, advancing towards its perfection? to mark the rise, progress, declension, and final extinction of the most flourishing empires; the virtues which contribute to their greatness, and the vices which drew on their ruin? In short, to see all the human race, from the beginning of time, pass as it were in review before us, appearing in their true colours, without any of those disguises which, during their life time, so much perplexed the judgment of the beholders? What spectacle can be imagined so magnificent, so various, so interesting? What amusement, either of the senses or imagination, can be compared with it? Shall those trifling pastimes, which engross so much of our time, be preferred as more satisfactory, and more fit to engage our attention? How perverse must that taste be, which is capable of so wrong a choice of pleasures?

But history is a most improving part of knowledge, as well as an agreeable amusement; and, indeed, a great part of what we commonly call erudition, and value so highly, is nothing but an acquaintance with historical facts. An extensive knowledge of this kind, belongs to men of letters but I must think it an unpardonable ignorance in persons of whatever sex or condition, not to be acquainted with the history of their own country, along with the histories of ancient Greece and Rome.

I must add, that history is not only a valuable part of knowledge, but opens the door to many other parts of knowledge, and affords materials to

most of the sciences. And, indeed, if we consider the shortness of human life, and our limited knowledge, even of what passes in our own time, we must be sensible, that we should be forever children in understanding, were it not for this invention, which extends our experience to all past ages, and to the most distant nations, making them contribute as much to our improvement in wisdom as if they had actually lain under our observation. A man acquainted with history, may, in some respect, be said to have lived from the beginning of the world, and to have been making continual additions to his stock of knowledge in every century.

There is also an advantage in that knowledge which is acquired by history, above what is learned by the practice of the world, that it brings us acquainted with human affairs, without diminishing in the least from the most delicate sentiments of virtue. And, to tell the truth, I scarcely know any study or occupation so unexceptionable as history in this particular. Poets can paint virtue in the most charming colours; but as they address themselves entirely to the passions, they often become advocates for vice. Even philosophers are apt to bewilder themselves in the subtilty of their speculations; and we have seen some go so far as to deny the reality of all moral distinctions. But I think it a remark worthy the attention of the speculative reader, that the historians have been, almost without exception, the true friends of virtue, and have always represented it in its proper colours, however they may have erred in their judgments about particular persons. Nor is this combination of historians in favour of virtue, at all difficult to be accounted for. When a man of business enters into life and action, he is more apt

to consider the characters of men as they have relation to his interest, than as they stand in themselves, and has his judgment warped on every occasion by the violence of his passion. When a philosopher contemplates characters and manners in his closet, the general abstract view of the objects, leaves the mind so cold and unmoved, that the sentiments of nature have no room to play, as he scarce feels the difference betwixt vice and virtue. History keeps in a just medium betwixt these extremes, and places the objects in their true point of view. The writers of history, as well as the readers, are sufficiently interested in the characters and events, to have a lively sentiment of blame or praise; and, at the same time, have no particular interest or concern to pervert their judgment.

On the Government of the Heart.

KEEP thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life. Among the many wise counsels given by the inspired king Solomon, there is none which deserves greater regard than this. Its importance, however, is too seldom perceived by the generality of men. They are apt to consider the regulation of external conduct as the chief object of attention.

If they can act their part with decency, and maintain a fair character, they conceive their

duty to be fulfilled. What passes in the mean time within their minds, they suppose to be of no great consequence, either to themselves, or to the world.

In opposition to this dangerous plan of morality, the wise man exhorts us to keep the heart, that is, to attend not only to our actions, but to our thoughts and desires; and to keep the heart with all diligence, that is, with sedulous and unremitting care; for which he assigns this reason, that, out of the heart are the issues of life.

The issues of life are justly said to be out of the heart, because the state of the heart is what determines our moral character, and what forms our chief happiness or misery. The tenour of our actions will always correspond to the dispositions that prevail within. To dissemble, or to suppress them, is a fruitless attempt. For while evil dispositions are suffered to remain in the heart, they will perpetually break forth in our behaviour.

On whatever side the weight of inclination hangs, it will draw the practice after it. In vain, therefore, you study to preserve your hands clean, unless you resolve, at the same time, to keep your hearts pure. Make the tree good, as our Saviour directs, and then its fruit will be good also. If the fountain be once poisoned, you can never expect that salubrious streams will flow from it. Throughout the whole of their course, they will carry the taint of the parent spring.

But it is not merely from its influence on external actions, that the importance of the heart to our moral character arises. Independent of all action, it is, in truth, the state of the heart itself which forms our character in the sight of God.

With our fellow-creatures, actions must ever hold the chief rank; because, by these only can we judge of one another: by these we effect each other's welfare; and, therefore, to these alone the regulations of human laws extend. But in the eye of that Supreme Being, to whom our whole internal frame is uncovered, dispositions hold the place of actions; and it is not so much what we perform, as the motives which move us to performance, that constitute us good or evil in his sight.

Even among men, the morality of actions is estimated by the principle from which they are judged to proceed; and such as the principle is, such is the man accounted to be. One, for instance, may spend much of his fortune in charitable actions; and yet, if he is believed to be influenced by mere ostentation, he is deemed not charitable, but vain.

If reason thus clearly teaches us to estimate the value of actions, by the dispositions which give them birth, it is an obvious conclusion, that, according to those dispositions, we are all ranked and classed by him who seeth into every heart.

The rectification of our principles of action, is the primary object of religious discipline: and, in proportion as this is more or less advanced, we are more or less religious. Accordingly, the regeneration of the heart, is every where represented in the Gospel as the most essential requisite in the character of a christian.

The state of the heart not only determines our moral character, but forms our principal happiness or misery. External situations of fortune are of no farther consequence, than as they operate on the heart; and their operation there is far from

corresponding to the degree of worldly prosperity or adversity. If from any internal cause, a man's peace of mind be disturbed, in vain you load him with riches and honours.

Discomposed thoughts, agitated passions, and a ruffled temper, poison every ingredient of pleasure which the world can bestow. In order to acquire a capacity for happiness, it must be our first attention to rectify such inward disorders. Whatever discipline tends to accomplish this purpose, it is of greater importance than the acquisition of the advantages of fortune.

Think what your heart now is, and what must be the consequence of remitting your vigilance in watching over it. It is said in scripture, to be deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. Inattention and remissness are what the adversary desires, in order to gain full advantage. While we are careless and inattentive to our religious duty, he sows tares in the field of the heart. The heart which he finds vacant and unguarded, he presently garnishes with evil spirits.

Keep thy heart, therefore, with all diligence, for all thy diligence is here required. And though thy own keeping alone will not avail, unless the assistance of a higher power occur; yet of this be well assured, that no aid from Heaven is to be expected, if thou shalt neglect to exert thyself in performing the part assigned thee.

Virtue Man's highest Interest.

I FIND myself existing upon a little spot, surrounded every way by an immense unknown expansion. Where am I? What sort of place do I inhabit? Is it exactly accommodated in every instance to my convenience? Is there no excess of cold, none of heat to offend me? Am I never annoyed by animals, either of my own or a different kind? Is every thing subservient to me, as though I had ordered all myself? No—nothing like it—the farthest from it possible.

The world appears not, then, originally made for the private convenience of me alone?—It does not. But is it not possible so to accommodate it, by my own particular industry? If to accommodate man and beast, heaven and earth, if this be beyond me, it is not possible. What consequence then follows? or can there be any other than this? If I seek an interest of my own, detached from that of others, I seek an interest which is chimerical, and which can never have existence.

How, then, must I determine? Have I no interest at all? If I have not, I am stationed here to no purpose. But why no interest? Can I be contented with none but one separate and detached? Is a social interest joined with others, such an absurdity as not to be admitted? The bee, the beaver, and the tribes of herding animals are sufficient to convince me, that the thing is somewhere at least possible.

How, then, am I assured that it is not equally true of man? Admit it; and what follows? If so,

then honour and justice are my interest ; then the whole train of moral virtues are my interest ; without some portion of which, not even thieves can maintain society.

But farther still—I stop not here—I pursue this social interest as far as I can trace my several relations. I pass from my own stock, my own neighbourhood, my own nation, to the whole race of mankind, as dispersed throughout the earth. Am I not related to them all, by the mutual aid of commerce, by the general intercourse of arts and letters, by that common nature of which we all participate?

Again—I must have food and clothing. Without a proper genial warmth, I instantly perish. Am I not related, in this view, to the very earth itself ; to the distant sun, from whose beams I derive vigour ? to that stupendous course and order of the infinite hosts of heaven, by which the times and seasons ever uniformly pass on ? Were this order once confounded, I could not probably survive a moment : so absolutely do I depend on this common general welfare.

What then have I to do, but to enlarge virtue into piety ? Not only honour and justice, and what I owe to man are my interest ; but gratitude also, acquiescence, resignation, adoration, and all I owe to this great polity, and its great Governor, our common Parent.

Vicious Connexions the Ruin of Virtue.

AMONG the numerous causes which introduce corruption into the heart, and accelerate its growth, none is more unhappily powerful, than the contagion which is diffused by bad examples, and heightened by particular connexions with persons of loose principles, or dissolute morals.

This, in a licentious state of society, is the most common source of those vices and disorders which so much abound in great cities; and often proves, in a particular manner, fatal to the young; even to them whose beginnings were once auspicious and promising.

It may, therefore, be a useful employment of attention, to trace the progress of this principle of corruption; to examine the means by which 'evil communications' gradually undermine, and at last destroy 'good morals.' It is, indeed, disagreeable to contemplate human nature, in this downward course of its progress. But it is always profitable to know our own infirmities and dangers.

As certain virtuous principles are still inherent in human nature, there are few who set out at first in the world without good dispositions. The warmth which belongs to youth, naturally exerts itself in generous feelings, and sentiments of honour; in strong attachment to friends, and the other emotions of a kind and tender heart. Almost all the plans with which persons who have been liberally educated, begin the world, are connected with honourable views. At that period, they repudiate

whatever is mean or base. It is pleasing to them to think of commanding the esteem of those among whom they live, and of acquiring a name among men.

But alas! how soon does this flattering prospect begin to be overcast! Desires of pleasure usher in temptation, and forward the growth of disorderly passions. Ministers of vice are seldom wanting to encourage and flatter the passions of the young. Inferiors study to creep into favour, by servile obsequiousness to all their desires and humours.

Glad to find any apology for the indulgences of which they are fond, the young too readily listen to the voice of those who suggest to them, that strict notions of religion, order, and virtue, are old-fashioned and illiberal; that the restraints which they impose, are only fit to be prescribed to those who are in the first stage of pupilage; or to be preached to the vulgar, who ought to be kept within the closest bounds of regularity and subjection. But the goodness of their hearts, it is insinuated to them, and the liberality of their views, will fully justify their emancipating themselves, in some degree, from the rigid discipline of parents and teachers.

Soothing as such insinuations are to the youthful and inconsiderate, their first steps, however, in vice, are cautious and timid, and occasionally checked by remorse. As they begin to mingle more in the world, and emerge into circles of gayety and pleasure, finding those loose ideas countenanced by too general practice, they gradually become bolder in the liberties they take.

If they have been bred to business, they begin to tire of industry, and look with contempt on the plodding race of citizens. If they are of su-

perior rank, they think it becomes them to resemble their equals ; to assume that freedom of behaviour, that air of forwardness, that tone of dissipation, that easy negligence of those with whom they converse, which appear fashionable in high life.

If affluence or fortune unhappily occur to favour their inclinations, amusements and diversions succeed in a perpetual round ; night and day are confounded ; gaming fills up their vacant intervals ; they live wholly in public places ; they run into many degrees of excess, disagreeable even to themselves, merely from a weak complaisance and the fear of being ridiculed by their loose associates.

Among these associates, the most hardened and determined always take the lead. The rest follow them with implicit submission ; and make proficiency in this school of iniquity, in exact proportion to the weakness of their understandings, and the strength of their passions.

How many pass away after this manner, some of the most valuable years of their life, tost in a whirlpool of what cannot be called pleasure, so much as mere giddiness and folly ! In the habits of perpetual connexion with idle or licentious company, all reflection is lost ; while, circulated from one empty head, and one thoughtless heart to another, folly shoots up into all its most ridiculous forms ; prompts the extravagant, unmeaning frolic in private ; or sallies forth in public into mad riot ; impelled sometimes by intoxication, sometimes by mere levity of spirits.

All the while, amidst this whole course of juvenile infatuation, I readily admit, that much good nature may still remain. Generosity and attach-

ments may be found: nay, some awe of religion may still subsist, and some remains of those good impressions which were made upon the mind in early days.

It might yet be very possible to reclaim such persons, and to form them for useful and respectable stations in the world, if virtuous and improving society should happily succeed to the places of that idle crew with whom they now associate: if important business should occur, to bring them into a different sphere of action; or if some seasonable stroke of affliction should in mercy be sent; to recall them to themselves, and to awaken serious and manly thought.

But, if youth and vigour, and flowing fortune continue; if a similar succession of companions go on to amuse them, to engross their time, and to stir up their passions; the day of ruin—let them take heed, and beware!—the day of irrecoverable ruin, begins to draw nigh. Fortune is squandered; health is broken; friends are offended, affronted, estranged; and aged parents, perhaps, sent afflicted and mourning to the dust.

On the Duties which we owe to Society

SOCIETY has been compared to a heap of embers, which, when separated, soon languish, darken, and expire; but if placed together, glow with a warm and animated heat.

That our happiness depends upon the cultivation of the social duties, and upon the nurture of susceptible emotions, none but the misanthropist will deny; for so gratifying is the enjoyment of participated pleasures, and so unsatisfactory those in which no one claims a share, that from motives of policy we might cherish affection, and from selfish considerations try to gain esteem.

Abstract the man of virtue and benevolence from society, and you at once destroy the source of his delight, blast the buds of promised happiness, and leave a dreary vacuum round his heart.

The benevolent author of our being, so constituted and ordained our nature, that we should derive felicity from communicating happiness, and experience delight from imparting joy; and shall we ungraciously counteract his benevolent designs; and, instead of contributing to the happiness of our neighbour, selfishly attend to our own gratifications?

No real felicity can exist independent of susceptibility and affection, and the heart of him who is cold to the soothing voice of friendship, dead to the melting strains of love, and insensible to the plaintive pleadings of distress, is a mansion only calculated for demoniac spirits, or a cheerless dwelling for disgust and spleen.

The advantages derived from unanimity and friendship, are so many and apparent, that it seems almost impossible to believe they are not universally cultivated; and every day's experience must convince an observing mind, that every amiable impression springs from the nurture of philanthropy and benevolence; and that the various vices which disgrace our nature, multiply in proportion to the decrease of domestic bliss.

He who is capable of despising those bonds which consanguinity and affection jointly frame, is seldom proof against the allurements of vice ; for his heart is callous to the voice of persuasion, and self-enjoyment is the only object of his desire.

The being who would study his own happiness, should invariably consider that of others ; and by trying to augment their cup of felicity, he will not fail to increase his own.

The savage who never knew the blessings of association, and he who quits society from apathy or spleen, bear an equal resemblance to the separated ember, which is incapable of communicating either warmth or light. He who has been accustomed to despise the feelings of the son, the husband, and the friend, and to laugh at those ties which embellish human nature, imperceptibly acquires a ferocity of manners, that absolutely degrades the very name of man.

It should, therefore, be early inculcated into the minds of youth, that our pleasures and enjoyment will be in proportion to our endeavours to lighten the burden of our fellow-creatures. Were this method universally adopted, and children taught to cherish the soft affections, how much of that wanton cruelty would be avoided, which so frequently disgraces our boyish years ; and what is still more lamentable, occasions a callosity of feeling throughout our future lives.

Creatures as we are of habit and custom, how absolutely essential is it to our peace, that those which are acquired before the judgment is enlightened, should uniformly lead to the practice of virtue !

*Description of a Cavern in Derbyshire,
England, called the Peak's Hole.*

HAVING procured the proper guide, I went to see the famous Peak's Hole. As we approached this wonderful cavern, we crossed a bridge over a rivulet, which issues from the mouth of the cave; this mouth is at the bottom of a perpendicular rock, that forms part of the front of the mountain. The form of this part of the mountain is like that of a book set on end, and half opened, the back of the book being from the observer. Near the angle is the mouth of the cavern. As we proceeded into the fissure, I looked up these rocky walls, and saw the old castle, at a giddy height, apparently threatening to fall. The guide pointed out several veins of lead. The entrance into the cavern passes close under the right side of the two precipices, which, meeting at an acute angle, form the fissure in the mountain. Impressions of sublimity are produced by looking up this precipice of 250 feet perpendicular height, and a kind of horror is added to the place by numerous jackdaws, which build their nests in the crevices, and find in these inaccessible cliffs a secure retreat; they were continually flying in a black cloud around the rocks, and disturbing the air with their croaking. These rocks are lime-stone, filled with marine exuvixæ. We now entered the cavern. It opens with a grand arch, almost mathematically regular but the abutment on the left is considera-

bly lower than that on the right. This arch is 120 feet wide, and 70 feet high, reckoning from the level of the abutment on the left. Under this magnificent portico, we entered the first cavern which is 180 feet long, the arch falling a little towards the farther end. I was surprised to find the cavern inhabited. A number of poor women and children carry on here a manufacture of cord and twine, and some of them live here permanently in small huts, sheltered by the impending mountain. Having arrived at the end of this first cavern, I looked back with feelings of awe and solemnity, not unmixed with something very much like dread. This cavern is only a continuation of the great arch at the entrance, falling as it recedes from the light, of which there is, however, enough to enable one to see the whole of it, and to make him realize that a mountain is over his head. This arched roof, being of lime-stone, abounds with calcareous concretions, and a remarkable one was pointed out, which, from its form, and the manner in which it depends from the roof, is called the *Fitch of Bacon*.

The end of the cavern is so much contracted in its dimensions, that it has been completely closed up, by an artificial wall, where there is a door, of which the guide has the key. The wall and door are intended to exclude impertinent visitors; and to secure to the guide the exclusive privilege of conducting strangers through the place.

After entering the door, the passage became narrow and low, and we proceeded, stooping, till we arrived in a place called the *Bell House*, from some resemblance between its form and that of a bell.

Beyond this, the cavern became again low and narrow, till it was almost closed, leaving only a small orifice of about three feet diameter. Here the rivulet, which we had followed up from the mouth of the cave, spread into a little lake, occupying the whole of the bottom of the cavern. But we were not stopped; there was a ferry-boat ready. The bottom of it was spread with clean straw, and by the direction of my guide I got into it, and lay down flat on my back. My guide stepped into the water up to his knees, and pushed the boat before him through the narrow aperture, which was merely high enough to permit the boat to pass, and the guide to crawl after it. It would be impossible for one to pass if sitting up in the boat.

We had now arrived in a new cavern, much larger and more majestic than any which we had yet seen. A flood of light was necessary to render it all visible, for it was 120 feet high, 200 broad, and 250 feet long. Its walls were limestone, filled as before with shells. Crossing the rivulet on stepping stones, we next found ourselves in a small cavern, which, on account of the constant exudation of water from the roof, is called *Roger Rain's House*.

A large cavern, called the *Chancel*, came next. Its appearance was broken and rude, and the lights discovered some stalactites. When the guide has notice that a party is coming to view the cavern, he causes a piece of deception to be played off in the Chancel, which I, being a solitary stranger, had not the pleasure of witnessing. When the party arrive at this cavern, they are on a sudden, astonished and confounded at hearing from the roof of this solitary mansion, which

a moment before was dark as midnight, and silent as the tombs, an instantaneous burst of human voices, multiplied by a thousand echoes. While they are in vain looking for the cause of this seeming enchantment, a blaze of light from the roof of the cavern, discovers a number of figures in white, singing and bearing torches in their hands. Those who are not in the secret, are almost persuaded that they are in an enchanted cave, where the scenes of romance and fable have real existence. The delusion vanishes, however, when they are informed, that a number of people from the village, equipped on purpose, have gone up a secret passage to the roof of the Chancel, with concealed lights, which, at the concerted moment they suddenly produce.

We travelled on to a fissure in the rock, called the *Devil's Cellar*, and after descending gradually 150 feet, we came to the *half way house*. The roof now assumed greater regularity; three parallel arches were in view, and beyond these, a cavern like a bell called *Tom of Lincoln*. Proceeding, we found the cavern very various, both in height and breadth; the rivulet appeared perfectly transparent, and its bed was white with calcareous spar, brought down and rounded by the water.

At last, we reached the end of this grand subterranean wonder. Its whole length is 2250 feet, or nearly half a mile.

We now retraced our steps. I was again laid in the little boat, and ferried through the narrow passage;—we travelled back as fast as we could with safety, and with candles burnt down to our fingers, again reached the wooden door, and open-

ing it, I beheld the light, with a *little secret joy*, which, had I been questioned, I might have been too stout-hearted to have acknowledged.

The Sun.

IN meditating on the wonderful works of God, the first object which generally strikes the attention, is that glorious luminary, the Sun. It appears to dwell in the heavens as in a grand pavilion. The form of it is nearly, if not quite spherical. Its magnitude is great indeed! The diameter of it is computed to be 890,000 miles, which is more than equal to a hundred diameters of one earth. But what its substance is, whether it be a liquid or a solid globe, who can tell?

The distance of the sun from our earthly abode is truly astonishing; it being more than ninety millions of miles! a distance so prodigious, that a cannon ball, flying at the rate of four hundred and eighty miles an hour, would not reach us in nineteen years. And yet the rays of light which issue from it, are said to be no longer than seven or eight minutes in their passage—a rapidity so stupendous, as to be nearly equal to seven times the circumference of our world in a minute. Our merciful Creator has placed the earth at the most convenient distance from the sun, near enough to be sufficiently warmed by it, yet not so near as to

be consumed. The sun now is generally acknowledged to be in the centre of our system : it does not perform a circuit round the earth, as, from appearances, we would naturally conclude, and as the ancient philosophers supposed :—it revolves only round its own axis ; and does this once in the space of twenty-five days and six hours. Various experiments have produced evidences in favour of the present, or, as it is commonly called, the Copernican hypothesis ; and such, indeed, as almost to amount to demonstration. To these testimonies may be subjoined the doctrine of eclipses. The cause of eclipses is obvious : when the moon passes between the earth and the sun, so as to intercept his rays, he is said to be eclipsed. This never happens but at the time of new moon ; because it is only then that she passes between the sun and the earth. When the earth is interposed between the moon and the sun, then the moon is eclipsed, and this is only at the time of the full moon.

Who can think of the vast bulk of the sun without calling to mind its glorious Creator ? He is emphatically styled, “the Father of Lights.” If the material sun be so great, how inconceivably great must He be who spake, and it was made, who commanded, and it stood fast ! The fixed stars also, which, on account of their immense distance, appear to us so very small, are, it is very probable, so many suns equal in magnitude to ours, and answering the same purposes in other systems, as ours does in this. Each of them seems formed to communicate light and heat to a certain number of inhabited planets, kept by gravitation within the sphere of its activity. “With what an august conception does this furnish us of the works

of the Creator ! Thousands of thousands of suns, attended by ten thousand times ten thousand worlds, all in rapid motion, yet calm, regular, and harmonious, invariably keeping the paths prescribed them ; and those worlds peopled with myriads of intelligent beings ! O how great, how wise, how good, must **HE** be, who made and governs the whole !”

A Good Conscience.

WHAT is there in all the pomp of the world, and the enjoyment of luxury, or the gratification of passion, comparable to the tranquil delight of a good conscience ? It is the health of the mind. It is a sweet perfume that diffuses its fragrance over every thing near it without exhausting its store. Unaccompanied by this, the gay pleasures of the world are like brilliants to a diseased eye, music to a deaf ear, wine in an ardent fever, or dainties in the languor of an ague.

To lie down on the pillow after a day spent in temperance, in beneficence, and piety, how sweet is it ! How different from the state of him who reclines at an unnatural hour, with his blood inflamed, his head throbbing with wine and gluttony, his heart aching with rancorous malice, his thoughts totally estranged from Him who has protected him in the day, and will watch over him, ungrateful as he is, in the night season ! A good conscience is indeed the peace of God.

Passions lulled to sleep, clear thoughts, a cheerful temper, a disposition to be pleased with every obvious and innocent object around ; these are the effects of a good conscience ; these constitute happiness ; and these condescend to dwell with the poor man, in his humble cottage, in the vale of obscurity. In the magnificent mansion of the proud and vain, glitter the exteriors of happiness,—the gilding, the trappings, the pride, and the pomp ; but in the decent habitation of piety is oftener found the downy nest of heavenly peace ; that solid good, of which the parade of the vain, the frivolous, and the voluptuous, is but a shadowy semblance.

To the Sea.

HAIL ! thou inexhaustible source of wonder and contemplation !—Hail ! thou multitudinous ocean ! whose waves chase one another down like the generations of men, and after a momentary space, are immersed for ever in oblivion.—Thy fluctuating waters wash the varied shores of the world, and while they disjoin nations whom a nearer connexion might involve in continued war, they circulate their arts, and their labours, and give health and plenty to mankind.

How glorious ! how awful are the scenes thou displayest, whether we view thee when every wind is hushed,—when the morning sun silvers the level line of the horizon,—or when its evening track is marked with shining gold, and thy unrip-

pled bosom reflects the radiance of the over-arching heavens!—or whether we behold thee in thy terrors!—when the black tempest sweeps thy swelling billows, and the boiling surge mixes with the clouds,—when death rides the storm,—and humanity drops a fruitless tear for the toiling mariner whose heart is sinking with dismay!

And yet, mighty deep! 'tis thy surface alone we view—who can penetrate the secrets of thy wide domain?—What eye can visit thy immense rocks and caverns, that teem with life and vegetation?—Or search out the myriads of objects, whose beauties lie scattered over thy dread abyss?

The mind staggers with the immensity of her own conception,—and when she contemplates the flux and reflux of thy tides, which from the beginning of the world continue their regular course, how does she shrink at the idea of that Divine Power, which originally laid thy foundations so sure, and whose omnipotent voice hath fixed the limits where thy proud waves shall be stayed!

Dr. Dodd's Address to the Court before he received sentence of Death.

MY LORD,—I now stand before you a dreadful example of human infirmity. I entered upon public life with the expectations common to young men whose education has been liberal, and whose abilities have been flattered, and, when I became a clergyman, considered myself as not impairing

the dignity of the order. I was not an idle, nor, I hope, an useless, minister. I taught the truths of Christianity with the zeal of conviction, and the authority of innocence. My labours were approved, my pulpit became popular; and I have reason to believe, that of those who heard me, some have been preserved from sin, and some have been reclaimed. Condescend, my lord, to think, if these considerations aggravate my crime, how much they must imbitter my punishment.

Being distinguished and elated by the confidence of mankind, I had too much confidence in myself: and thinking my integrity what others thought it, established in sincerity, and fortified by religion, I did not consider the danger of vanity, nor suspect the deceitfulness of my own heart. The day of conflict came, in which temptation surprised and overwhelmed me. I committed the crime, which I entreat your lordship to believe that my conscience hourly represents to me in its full bulk of mischief and malignity. Many have been overpowered by temptation, who now are among the penitent in heaven.

To an act now waiting the decision of vindictive justice, I will not presume to oppose the counterbalance of almost thirty years, (a great part of the life of man) passed in exciting and exercising charity: in relieving such distresses as I now feel, in administering those consolations which I now want. I will not otherwise extenuate my offence, than by declaring, what many circumstances make probable, that I did not intend to be finally fraudulent. Nor will it become me to apportion my punishment, by alleging that my sufferings have been not much less than my guilt. I have fallen

from reputation, which ought to have made me cautious ; and from a fortune, which ought to have given me content. I am sunk at once into poverty and scorn ; my name and my crime fill the ballads in the street, the sport of the thoughtless, and the triumph of the wicked.

It may seem strange that, remembering what I have lately been, I should wish to continue what I am. But contempt of death, how speciously soever it might mingle with heathen virtues, has nothing suitable to Christian penitence. Many motives impel me to beg earnestly for life. I feel the natural horror of a violent death, and the universal dread of untimely dissolution. I am desirous of recompensing the injury I have done to the clergy, to the world, and to religion, and to efface the scandal of my crime by the example of my repentance. But above all, I wish to die with thoughts more composed, and calmer preparation. The gloom of a prison, the anxiety of a trial, and the inevitable vicissitudes of passion, leave the mind little disposed to the holy exercises of prayer and self-examination : Let not a little time be denied me, in which I may, by meditation and contrition, be prepared to stand at the tribunal of Omnipotence, and support the presence of that Judge who will distribute to all according to their works, who will receive to pardon the repenting sinner, and from whom the merciful shall obtain mercy.

For these reasons, amidst shame and misery, I yet wish to live : and most humbly entreat, that I may be recommended by your lordship, to the clemency of his majesty

Address on Patriotism.

It cannot then be denied, that the public prosperity of our land depends upon the virtue of the people, and that the practice of vice, like a cancer in the natural body, will at last extend itself to the vitals of the country, and cut off our national existence. If this be the case, we may safely assert, that no man loves his country, who lives in the habitual violation of any rule in her moral code; because, by so doing he contributes his aid to accomplish her destruction. He may call himself a federalist, or an anti-federalist—a republican, or a democrat—or whatever else he pleases; it is certain, he is but a pretender to the character of a patriot. It is impossible he can love his country, whose life and actions are hostile to her true interests. Party and personal prejudices he may possess in abundance, which to the world, and perhaps to himself, he may cover with the mantle of zeal for the public good. But the love of his country is a stranger to his heart.

Examine for a moment, the force of this observation, by your own experience in private life. Suppose one of your neighbours to profess a regard and affection for you, and at the same time to make a practice of thwarting your views and defeating the plans you had laid to promote your happiness or your interest. There is no doubt you would despise his professions, and call him a hypocrite.

Nor can he be pronounced any thing better, who tells you he loves his country, and is at the same time habitually infringing those laws, on which her safety and prosperity essentially depend. Away with such patriotism ! it is "Hail, Master !" with the lips, and at the same instant a stab to the heart. I call that man a disorganizer, let his political principles be what they may, who is spreading through the moral world the seeds of disorder and vice, and thereby sapping the foundation of all government.

Our country may well expostulate with the immoral man in the language used of old time—"If you love me you will keep my commandments—Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you." In short, as in Christianity, so it is in patriotism—obedience is the unerring criterion, the sole decisive mark of affection. If you really love your country, you will observe her laws and her statutes, which are framed to promote and to perpetuate her welfare. Believe me, a gambling, lying, drunken, or swearing patriot, is as great a contradiction, as a dissolute, swearing, or drunken Christian ; though in the practical estimation of the two characters, mankind have made a wide difference. The hypocritical pretensions of the patriot are too often successfully played off, while those of the pretended Christian are sure to exclude him from the character.

It is readily acknowledged, that immoral men often render essential service to their country. Some of the most worthless and profligate of the human race have been the honoured instruments in the hands of Providence of procuring the greatest national blessings. Henry the Eighth, and

the Duke of Marlborough, contributed eminently by their actions to the glory and preservation of the English nation; but no body ever supposed they were influenced by a love of their country. Caprice, promotion, or the whistling of a name, has given birth to the greatest achievements recorded in history. What would you think of a man who, in the very act of conferring a favour on an acquaintance, should inflict the most deadly wounds on his person?—Would you believe he had any affection for his murdered friend?—You certainly would not. Just so much true patriotism has that man who, by his vices, is daily diffusing through society the most malignant poison, and at the same time, from pride or some other motive, perfectly compatible with a heart dead to every sentiment of public virtue, is occasionally performing an act that redounds to his country's welfare.

The true notion of patriotism, is a principle of obedience to the laws of God, and of our country, manifesting itself in the discharge of our religious, moral, and social duties.—This is substantial patriotism, within the reach of every man, high and low, rich and poor, and that does not evaporate in empty noise about the Rights of Man, or the Virtue of Federalism.

Exhortation to Temperance in Pleasure

LET me particularly exhort youth to temperance in pleasure. Let me admonish them, to beware of that rock on which thousands, from race to race, continue to split. The love of pleasure, natural to man in every period of his life, glows at this age with excessive ardour. Novelty adds fresh charms, as yet, to every gratification. The world appears to spread a continual feast; and health, vigor, and high spirits, invite them to partake of it without restraint. In vain we warn them of latent dangers. Religion is accused of insufferable severity, in prohibiting enjoyment: and the old, when they offer their admonitions, are upbraided with having forgotten that they once were young.

And yet, my friends, to what do the restraints of religion, and the counsels of age, with respect to pleasure, amount? They may all be comprised in a few words;—not to hurt yourselves, and not to hurt others, by your pursuit of pleasure. Within these bounds, pleasure is lawful; beyond them, it becomes criminal, because it is ruinous. Are these restraints any other than what a wise man would choose to impose on himself? We call you not to renounce pleasure, but to enjoy it in safety. Instead of abridging it, we exhort you to pursue it on an extensive plan. We propose measures for securing its possession, and for prolonging its duration.

Consult your whole nature. Consider yourselves not only as sensitive, but as rational beings; not only as rational, but as social; not only as social, but as immortal. Whatever violates your nature, in any of these respects, cannot afford true pleasure, any more than that which undermines an essential part of the vital system can promote health. For the truth of this conclusion, we appeal, not merely to the authority of religion, nor to the testimony of the aged, but to yourselves and your own experience. We ask, whether you have not found, that in a course of criminal excess, your pleasure was more than compensated by succeeding pain? Whether, if not from every particular instance, yet from every habit, at least, of unlawful gratification, there did not spring some thorn to wound you; there did not arise some consequence to make you repent of it in the issue?

“How long then, ye simple ones! will ye love simplicity?” How long repeat the same round of pernicious folly, and tamely expose yourselves to be caught in the same snare? If you have any consideration, or any firmness left, avoid temptations for which you have found yourselves unequal, with as much care as you would shun pestilential infection. Break off all connexions with the loose and profligate. “When sinners entice thee, consent thou not. Look not on the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup; for at the last, it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.”

By these unhappy excesses of irregular pleasure in youth, how many amiable dispositions are corrupted or destroyed? How many rising capacities and powers are suppressed! How many

flattering hopes of parents and friends are totally extinguished! Who but must drop a tear over human nature, when he beholds that morning which arose so bright, overcast with such untimely darkness; that good humour which once captivated all hearts; that vivacity which sparkled in every company; those abilities which were fitted for adorning the highest station, all sacrificed at the shrine of low sensuality; and one, who was formed for running the fair career of life in the midst of public esteem, cut off by his vices at the beginning of his course, or sunk, for the whole of it, into insignificancy and contempt! These, O sinful pleasure! are thy trophies. It is thus, that, co-operating with the foe of God and man, thou degradest human nature, and blastest the opening prospects of human felicity.

The Price of a Victory.

Good news! great news! glorious news! cried young Oswald, as he entered his father's house. We have obtained a great victory, and have killed I don't know how many thousands of the enemy: and we are to have bonfires and illuminations!

And so, said his father, you think that killing many thousands of human creatures is a thing to be very glad about?

OSWALD.

No—I do not think so, neither ; but surely it is right to be glad that our country has gained a great advantage.

FATHER.

No doubt it is right to wish well to our country, as far as its prosperity can be promoted without injuring the rest of mankind. But wars are very seldom to the real advantage of any nation ; and when they are ever so useful or necessary, so many dreadful evils attend them, that a humane man will scarcely rejoice in them, if he considers at all on the subject.

OSWALD.

But if our enemies would do us a great deal of mischief, and we prevent it by beating them, have we not a right to be glad of it ?

FATHER.

Alas ! we are in general incompetent judges which of the parties has the most mischievous intentions. Commonly they are both in the wrong, and success will make both of them unjust and unreasonable. But putting that out of the question, he who rejoices in the event of a battle, rejoices in the misery of many thousands of his species ; and the thought of that should make him pause a little. Suppose a surgeon were to come with a smiling countenance, and tell us triumphantly that he had cut off half a dozen legs to-day—what would you think of him ?

OSWALD.

I should think him very hard-hearted.

FATHER.

And yet those operations are done for the benefit of the sufferers, and by their own desire. But

in battle, the probability is, that none of those engaged on either side have any interest at all in the cause they are fighting for, and most of them come there because they cannot help it. In this battle that you are so rejoiced about, there have been ten thousand men killed upon the spot, and nearly as many wounded.

OSWALD.

On both sides.

FATHER.

Yes—but they are men on both sides. Consider now, that the ten thousand sent out of the world in this morning's work, though they are past feeling themselves, have left probably two persons each, on an average, to lament their loss, either parents, wives, or children. Here are then twenty thousand people made unhappy at one stroke on their account. This, however, is hardly so dreadful to think of as the condition of the wounded. At the moment we are talking, eight or ten thousand men are lying in agony, torn with shot or gashed with cuts, their wounds festering, some hourly to die a most excruciating death, others to linger in torture weeks and months, and many doomed to drag on a miserable existence for the rest of their lives, with diseased and mutilated bodies.

OSWALD.

This is shocking to think of, indeed!

FATHER.

When you light your candles, then, this evening, *think what they cost.*

The two Robbers.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

WHAT! art thou the Thracian robber, of whose exploits I have heard so much?

ROBBER.

I am a Thracian, and a soldier.

ALEXANDER.

A soldier!—a thief, a plunderer, an assassin, the pest of the country! I could honour thy courage, but I must detest and punish thy crimes.

ROBBER.

What have I done of which you can complain?

ALEXANDER.

Hast thou not set at defiance my authority? violated the public peace, and passed thy life in injuring the persons and properties of thy fellow subjects?

ROBBER.

Alexander, I am your captive; I must hear what you please to say, and endure what you please to inflict. But my soul is unconquered; and if I reply at all to your reproaches, I will reply like a free man.

ALEXANDER.

Speak freely. Far be it from me to take the advantage of my power, to silence those with whom I deign to converse.

ROBBER.

I must then answer your question by another. How have you passed your life?

ALEXANDER.

Like a hero. Ask Fame, and she will tell thee. Among the brave, I have been the bravest; among

sovereigns, the noblest; among conquerors, the mightiest.

ROBBER.

And does not fame speak of me, too? Was there ever a bolder captain of a more valiant band? Was there ever?—But I scorn to boast. You yourself know that I have not been easily subdued.

ALEXANDER.

Still, what art thou but a robber—a base, dishonest robber?

ROBBER.

And what is a conqueror? Have not you, too, gone about the earth like an evil genius, blasting the fair fruits of peace and industry: plundering, ravaging, killing without law, without justice, merely to gratify an insatiable lust for dominion? All that I have done to a single district, with a hundred followers, you have done to whole nations, with a hundred thousand. If I have stripped individuals, you have ruined kings and princes. If I have burned a few hamlets, you have desolated the most flourishing kingdoms and cities of the earth. What is then the difference, but that as you were born a king, and I a private man, you have been able to become a mightier robber than I?

ALEXANDER.

But, if I have taken like a king, I have given like a king. If I have subverted empires, I have founded greater. I have cherished arts, commerce, and philosophy.

ROBBER.

I, too, have freely given to the poor, what I took from the rich. I have established order and discipline among the most ferocious of mankind,

and have stretched out my protecting arm over the oppressed. I know, indeed, little of the philosophy you talk of; but I believe neither you nor I shall ever atone to the world for the mischief we have done it.

ALEXANDER.

Leave me—Take off his chains, and use him well.—Are we then so much alike?—Alexander to a robber?—Let me reflect.

Fernando Cortez and William Penn.

CORTEZ.

Is it possible, William Penn, that you should seriously compare your glory with mine? The planter of a small colony in North America, presume to vie with the conqueror of the great Mexican empire?

PENN.

Friend, I pretend to no glory—the Lord preserve me from it—All glory is his;—but this I say, that I was his instrument in a more glorious work than that performed by thee; incomparably more glorious.

CORTEZ.

Dost thou not know, William Penn, that with less than six hundred Spanish foot, eighteen horse, and a few small pieces of cannon, I fought and defeated innumerable armies of very brave men, dethroned an emperor who had been raised to the throne by his valour, and excelled all his coun-

trymen in the science of war, as much as they excelled all the rest of the West Indian nations? that I made him my prisoner in his own capital; and after he had been deposed and slain by his subjects, vanquished and took Guatimozin, his successor, and accomplished my conquest of the whole empire of Mexico, which I loyally annexed to the Spanish crown? Dost thou not know, that in doing these wonderful acts, I showed as much courage as Alexander the Great, as much prudence as Cæsar? That, by my policy, I ranged under my banner the powerful commonwealths of Tlascalala, and brought them to assist me in subduing the Mexicans, though with the loss of their own beloved independence? and that to consummate my glory, when the governor of Cuba, Velasquez, would have taken my command from me, and sacrificed me to his envy and jealousy, I drew from him all his forces, and joined them to my own, showing myself as much superior to all other Spaniards, as I was to the Indians?

PENN.

I know very well that thou wast as fierce as a lion, and as subtle as a serpent. The Devil, perhaps, may place thee as high in his black list of heroes, as Alexander or Cæsar. It is not my business to interfere with him in settling thy rank. But hark thee, friend Cortez—What right hadst thou, or had the king of Spain himself, to the Mexican Empire? Answer me that if thou canst.

CORTEZ.

The Pope gave it to my master.

PENN.

But suppose the high priest of Mexico, had taken it into his head to give Spain to Montezuma, would his grant have been good?

CORTEZ.

These are questions of casuistry, which it is not the business of a soldier to decide. We leave that to gownsmen. But pray, Mr. Penn, what right had you to the province you settled?

PENN.

An honest right of fair purchase. We gave the natives some things they wanted, and they in return gave us lands they did not want. All was amicably agreed on; not a drop of blood shed to stain our acquisition.

CORTEZ.

I am afraid there was a little fraud in the purchase. Thy followers, William Penn, are said to think cheating in a quiet sober way a mortal sin.

PENN.

The righteous are always calumniated by the ungodly. It was a sight which an angel might contemplate with delight, to behold the colony I settled! To see us living with the Indians like innocent lambs, and taming the ferocity of their barbarous manners by the gentleness of ours! To see the whole country, which before was an uncultivated wilderness, rendered as fertile and fair as a garden! O Fernando Cortez, Fernando Cortez! didst thou leave the great Empire of Mexico in that state? No, thou hadst turned those delightful and populous regions into a desert; a desert flooded with blood. Dost thou not remember that most disgraceful scene, when the noble emperor Guatimozin was stretched out by thy soldiers upon hot burning coals, to make him discover into what part of the lake of Mexico he had thrown the royal treasures? Are not his groans ever sounding in the ears of thy conscience? Do not they

rend thy hard heart, and strike thee with more horror than the yells of the furies?

CORTEZ.

Alas ! I was not present when the dire act was committed. Had I been there, I should have forbidden it. My nature was mild.

PENN.

Thou wast the captain of a band of robbers, who did this horrid deed. The advantage they had drawn from thy counsels and conduct enabled them to commit it : and thy skill saved them afterwards from the vengeance that was due to so enormous a crime. The enraged Mexicans would have properly punished them for it, if they had not had thee for their general.

CORTEZ.

The saints I find can rail, William Penn. But how do you hope to preserve this admirable colony which you have settled ? Your people, you tell me, live like innocent lambs. Are there no wolves in North America, to devour those lambs ? And if the Americans should continue in perpetual peace with all your successors there, foreigners will not. Are the inhabitants of Pennsylvania to make war against them with prayers and preaching ? If so, that garden which you say you have planted, will undoubtedly be their prey, and they will take from you your property, your laws, and your religion.

PENN.

The Lord's will be done. The Lord will defend us against the rage of our enemies, if it be his good pleasure.

CORTEZ.

Is this the wisdom of a great legislator ? I have heard some of your countrymen compare you to

Solon! Did Solon, think you, give laws to a people. and leave those laws and that people at the mercy of every invader? The first business of a legislator is to provide a military strength that may defend the whole system. If a house is built in a land of robbers, without a gate to shut, or a bolt or bar to secure it, what avails it how commodious it may be, or how well proportioned the architecture? Is it richly furnished within? the more it will tempt the hands of violence and of rapine to seize its wealth. The world, William Penn, is all a land of robbers. Any state or commonwealth erected therein, must be well fenced, and secured by good military institutions; or, the happier it is in all other respects, the greater will be its danger, the more speedy its destruction. Perhaps the neighbouring English colonies may, for a while, protect yours: but that precarious security cannot always preserve you. Your plan of government must be changed, or your colony will be lost. What I have said, is also applicable to Great Britain itself. If an increase of its wealth be not accompanied with an increase of its force, that wealth will become the prey of some of the neighbouring nations, in which the martial spirit is more prevalent than the commercial. And whatever praise may be due to its civil institutions, if they are not guarded by a wise system of military policy, they will be found of no value, being unable to prevent their own dissolution.

PENN.

These are suggestions of human wisdom. The doctrines I held, were inspired; they came from above.

CORTEZ.

It is blasphemy to say, that any folly could come from the fountain of wisdom. Whatever is

inconsistent with the great laws of nature, and with the necessary state of human society, cannot possibly have been inspired by God. Self-defence is as necessary to nations, as to men. And shall particulars have a right which nations have not? True religion, William Penn, is the perfection of reason. Fanaticism is the disgrace, the destruction of reason.

PENN.

Though what thou sayest should be true, it does not come well from thy mouth. A Papist talk of reason! Go to the inquisition, and tell them of reason, and the great laws of nature! They will broil thee, as thy soldiers broiled the unhappy Guatimozin. Why dost thou turn pale? Is it at the name of the inquisition, or the name of Guatimozin? Tremble and shake when thou thinkest, that every murder the inquisitors have committed, every torture they have inflicted on the innocent Indians, is originally owing to thee. Thou must answer to God for all their inhumanity, for all their injustice. What wouldst thou give to part with the renown of thy conquests, and to have a pure and undisturbed conscience?

CORTEZ.

I feel the force of thy words. They pierce me like daggers. I can never, never be happy, while I retain any memory of the ills I have caused!

On Creation and Providence.

LORD, when my raptur'd thought surveys
 Creation's beauties o'er,
 All nature joins to teach thy praise,
 And bid my soul adore.

Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,
 Thy radiant footsteps shine :
 Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
 And speak their source divine.

The living tribes of countless forms,
 In earth, and sea, and air ;
 The meanest flies, the smallest worms,
 Almighty pow'r declare.

All rose to life at thy command,
 And wait their daily food
 From thy paternal, bounteous hand,
 Exhaustless spring of good.

The meads, array'd in smiling green,
 With wholesome herbage crown'd ;
 The fields with corn, a richer scene,
 Spread thy full bounties round.

The fruitful tree, the blooming flow'r,
 In varied charms appear ;
 Their varied charms display thy pow'r,
 Thy goodness all declare.

The sun's productive, quick'ning beams
 The growing verdure spread ;

Refreshing rains and cooling streams
His gentle influence aid.

The moon and stars his absent light
Supply with borrow'd rays,
And deck the sable veil of night,
And speak their Maker's praise.

Thy wisdom, pow'r, and goodness, Lord,
In all thy works appear:
And O! let man thy praise record;
Man, thy distinguish'd care.

From thee the breath of life he drew;
That breath thy power maintains;
Thy tender mercy ever new,
His brittle frame sustains.

Yet nobler favours claim his praise,
Of reason's light possess'd;
By revelation's brighter rays
Still more divinely blest.

Thy providence his constant guard
When threat'ning woes impend,
Or will the impending dangers ward,
Or timely succours lend.

Religion.

RELIGION! oh thou cherub heavenly bright!
Of joys unmix'd, and fathomless delight!
Thou, thou art all; nor find I in the whole
Creation aught, but God and my own soul.

Thy force, alone, Religion, death disarms,
 Breaks all his darts, and every viper charms.
 Soften'd by thee, the grisly form appears
 No more the horrid object of our fears
 We undismay'd, this awful power obey,
 That guides us through the safe, tho' gloomy way
 Which leads to life, and to the blest abode,
 Where ravish'd minds enjoy, what here they own'd,
 a God.

We grant, a train of mischiefs oft proceeds
 From superstitious rites and penal creeds ;
 But view Religion in her native charms,
 Dispersing blessings with indulgent arms,
 From her fair eyes what heavenly rays are spread !
 What blooming joys smile round her blissful head
 Offspring divine ! by thee we bless the cause,
 Who form'd the world, and rules it by his laws ;
 His independent being we adore,
 Extol his goodness, and revere his pow'r.
 Our wond'ring eyes, his high perfections view,
 The lofty contemplation we pursue,
 'Till ravish'd, we the great idea find,
 Shining in bright impressions on our mind.

Inspir'd by thee, guest of celestial race,
 With generous love we human kind embrace ;
 We provocations unprovok'd receive,
 Patient of wrong, and easy to forgive ;
 Protect the orphan, plead the widow's cause,
 Nor deviate from the line unerring justice draws

Thy lustre, blest effulgence ! can dispel
 The clouds of error, and the glooms of hell ;
 Can to the soul impart ethereal light,
 Give life divine, and intellectual sight :
 Before our ravish'd eyes, thy beams display
 'The op'ning scenes of bliss and endless day ;

By which incited, we with ardour rise,
Scorn this inferior ball, and claim the skies.

Tyrants to thee a change of nature owe,
Dismiss their tortures, and indulgent grow.
Ambitious conquerors, in their mad career,
Check'd by thy voice lay down the sword and
spear.

The boldest champions of impiety,
Scornful of heav'n, subdu'd or won by thee, }
Before thy hallowed altars bend their knee.
Loose wits, made wise, a public good become,
The sons of pride an humble mien assume,
The profligate in morals grow severe,
Defrauders just, and sycophants sincere.

Rich and Poor.

THERE in yon house that holds the parish
poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;
There where the putrid vapours flagging play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day,
There children dwell, who know no parents' care;
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there:
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows, with unheeded tears,
And crippled age, with more than childhood fears;
The lame, the blind—and far the happiest they!
The moping idiot and the madman gay.
Here too the sick their final doom receive,

Here brought, amid the scenes of grief, to grieve
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow
Mixt with the clamours of the crowd below.

Here, sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man :

Whose laws indeed for ruin'd age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from
pride ;

But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride imbitters what it can't deny.

Say, ye oppress'd by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose ;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
With timid eye, to read the distant glance ;
Who with sad pray'rs the weary doctor tease,
To name the nameless, ever new disease ;
Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain and that alone can cure ;
How would you bear in real pain to lie,
Despis'd, neglected, left alone to die ?
How would you bear to draw your latest breath,
Where all that's wretched paves the way for
death ?

Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the sloping sides ;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
And lath and mud are all that lie between,
Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patch'd, gives
way,

To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day.
Here on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head.
For him no hand the cordial cup supplies,
Nor wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes ;
No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
Nor promise hope till sickness wears a smile.

The Christian Race.

AWAKE my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigour on :
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey ;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

'Tis God's all animating voice,
That calls thee from on high ,
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye :

That prize with peerless glory bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths, and monarchs' gems,
Shall blend in common dust.

My soul, with sacred ardour fir'd,
The glorious prize pursue ;
And meet with joy the high command,
To bid the earth adieu.

On Friendship.

How fondly those mistake who seek for joys
In crowds, and mirth, and never ceasing noise !
Their mirth, how empty ! and their joys how vain
Reflection ever flies the languid train.

Stunn'd with the din, thought sickens; and the
 mind
 No true delight, nor taste of bliss can find.

Alike they err, who leave the world to dwell
 With gloomy sadness in a lonely cell:
 Heavy and dull, the joyless hours move on,
 To all the sweets of social life unknown.

If pleasure smiles sincere below the skies,
 That pleasure must from sacred friendship rise;
 Of all which animates the human frame,
 The noblest ardour, and the purest flame:
 Offspring of heav'n!—there friendship all refin'd,
 Immortal glows in each seraphic mind:
 Mix'd with the streams of bliss forever flows,
 Nor change, decay, nor interruption knows:
 A glorious native of the realm of love,
 And only, in perfection, known above:
 Yet is the blessing, by indulgent Heav'n,
 Though in a less degree, to mortals giv'n,
 Its pleasing pow'r by Providence design'd
 To soften human cares, and mend the mind;
 To calm our passions by its gentle sway,
 And bid them reason's sacred laws obey.
 Friendship can often o'er the heart prevail,
 When philosophic rules and maxims fail:
 It turns to mutual tenderness the thought,
 And views with kind indulgence ev'ry fault.
 And where corrosives ought to be applied,
 The gentle hand soft love and pity guide,
 While each can bear reproof, and each reprove,
 (All proud resentment lost in grateful love,)
 Point out each fault, and blame, yet not offend,
 And free from nauseous flatt'ry, can commend,
 To merit its proportion'd honours raise;
 Alike exact the censure and the praise.

Friendship communicates our joys and pains,
 And in each breast rejoices, or complains ;
 Divides our weight of wo, relieves our cares,
 And ev'ry pleasure heightens, as it shares.

While sacred virtue lights the holy fire,
 By time uninjur'd, it will ne'er expire :
 No force of rough adversity can part,
 Can tear the gen'rous passion from the heart.

O friendship ! what sincere delights are thine !
 Fair miniature of happiness divine ;
 Propitious, pleasing, heav'n-descended guest,
 Who only with the virtuous can rest :
 May thy kind influence smooth my path of life,
 Still calm and peaceful, free from noisy strife ;
 Be virtue, sweet content, and friendship mine,
 I at my humble life will ne'er repine.
 From these alone more real pleasures flow,
 Than the gay round of mirth and gaudy show, }
 Or all the charms of greatness can bestow.

A Funeral Hymn.

WHILE to the grave our friends are borne,
 Around their cold remains,
 How all the tender passions mourn,
 And each fond heart complains !

But down to earth, alas ! in vain
 We bend our weeping eyes ;
 Ah ! let us leave these seats of pain,
 And upward learn to rise.

Hope cheerful smiles amid the gloom,
 And beams a healing ray,
 And guides us from the darksome tomb,
 To realms of endless day.

Jesus, who left his blest abode,
 (Amazing grace!) to die,
 Mark'd when he rose, the shining road
 To his bright courts on high.

To those bright courts, when hope ascends.
 The tears forget to flow ;
 Hope views our absent happy friends,
 And calms the swelling wo.

Then let our hearts repine no more,
 That earthly comfort dies,
 But lasting happiness explore,
 And ask it from the skies.

Trust in the Goodness of God.

WHY, O my soul, why thus deprest,
 And whence this anxious fear ?
 Let former favours fix thy trust,
 And check the rising tear.

When darkness and when sorrows rose,
 And press'd on every side ;
 Did not the Lord sustain thy steps,
 And was not God thy guide ?

Affliction is a stormy deep,
 Where wave resounds to wave :
 Though o'er my head the billows roll,
 I know the Lord can save.

Perhaps before the morning dawns,
 He'll reinstate my peace ,
 For he who bade the tempest roar,
 Can bid the tempest cease.

In the dark watches of the night,
 I'll count his mercies o'er :
 I'll praise him for ten thousand past,
 And humbly sue for more.

Then, O my soul, why thus deprest,
 And whence this anxious fear ?
 Let former favours fix thy trust,
 And check the rising tear.

Here will I rest and build my hopes,
 Nor murmur at his rod ;
 He's more than all the world to me,
 My health, my life, my God.

Happiness.

O HAPPINESS, by all admir'd, pursu'd,
 How oft defin'd, how seldom understood,
 And always at a painful distance view'd !

Thy charms, alluring, in fair prospect rise ;
 They court our eager arms and longing eyes ;
 And prompt our fond desires and restless sighs.

If thou art but a dream, an empty name,
 Then why this active power, this quenchless flame,
 By Heav'n implanted in the human frame ?

The great Creator, just, and good, and wise,
 The wants of all his creatures well supplies,
 Nor blessings to the lowest rank denies.

Shall man alone unsatisfi'd remain ?
 And, doom'd to ceaseless unavailing pain,
 Must all his ardent wishes rise in vain ?

No, there is nobler bliss for man design'd,
 A happiness of an immortal kind,
 Wide as his wishes, ample as his mind.

Earth never can bestow the sov'reign good ;
 The sacred word, unerring, points the road
 To happiness, to glory, and to God.

But foolish mortals oft mistake the way,
 In search of bliss on earth, we anxious stray,
 And take a meteor for the lamp of day.

Phantoms of pleasure rise, and smiling fair,
 They tempt our feet through labyrinths of care
 Till catching at the prize, we grasp the air.

Almighty Goodness, call our hearts and eyes
 From these deluding, tempting vanities,
 And upward bid our ardent wishes rise.

O bid each fatal, fair illusion flee,
 Mark out our path from every error free,
 And let us seek for bliss alone in thee.

Pride and Humility.

MARK, how the stately tree disdainful rears
 His tow'ring head, and mingles with the clouds ;
 But by his fatal height, the more expos'd
 To all the furies of the raging storm :
 His honours fly, the sport of angry winds ;
 Till the loud blast with direful stroke descends :
 Torn from his basis, low on earth he lies,
 And the hills echo to the sounding fall.
 So pride with haughty port defies in vain,
 The force of rough adversity, which rends
 With double violence the stubborn heart.

But, like a tender plant, humility
 Bends low before the threat'ning blast unhurt,
 Eludes its rage, and lives through all the storm.

Pride is the liv'ry of the prince of darkness,
 Worn by his slaves, who glory in their shame ;
 A gaudy dress, but tarnish'd, rent, and foul,
 And loathsome to the holy eye of Heav'n.

But sweet humility, a shining robe,
 Bestow'd by Heav'n upon its fav'rite sons.
 The robe which God approves, and angels wear :
 Fair semblance of the glorious Prince of light
 Who stoop'd to dwell (divine humility !)
 With sinful worms, and poverty, and scorn.

Pride is the source of discord, strife, and war
 And all the endless train of heavy woes,
 Which wait on wretched man ; the direful sting
 Of envy, and the dreaded frowns of scorn,
 And gloomy discontent, and black despair.

But sweet humility, the source of peace,
Of amity and love, content and joy ;
Where she resides, a thousand blessings wait,
To gild our lives and form a heav'n below.

Pride leaves her wretched vot'ries to contempt,
To certain ruin, infamy, and death.

But sweet humility points out the way
To happiness, and life, and lasting honours.

Humility, how glorious ! how divine !
Thus cloth'd and thus enrich'd, O may I shine !
Be mine this treasure, this celestial robe,
And let the sons of pride possess the globe.

War.

FIRST Envy, eldest born of hell, imbrued
Her hands in blood, and taught the sons of men
To make a death which nature never made,
And God abhorr'd ; with violence rude to break
The thread of life ere half its length was run,
And rob a wretched brother of his being :
With joy Ambition saw, and soon improv'd
The execrable deed. 'Twas not enough
By subtle fraud to snatch a single life ;
Puny impiety ! whole kingdoms fell
To sate the lust of power : more horrid still,
The foulest stain and scandal of our nature,
Became its boast. One murder makes a villain ;
Millions a hero. Princes were privileged

To kill ; and numbers sanctified the crime.
 Ah ! why will kings forget that they are men ?
 And men that they are brethren ? Why delight
 In human sacrifice ? Why burst the ties
 Of nature, that should knit their souls together
 In one soft bond of amity and love ?
 Yet still they breathe destruction, still go on,
 Inhumanly ingenious, to find out
 New pains for life, new terrors for the grave.
 Artificers of death ! still monarchs dream
 Of universal empire growing up
 From universal ruin. Blast the design,
 Great God of hosts ! nor let thy creatures fall
 Unpitied victims at Ambition's shrine !

All Nature attests the Creator.

HAST thou beheld the glorious Sun,
 Through all the sky his circuit run ;
 At rising morn, at closing day,
 And when he beam'd his noontide ray ?

Say, didst thou e'er attentive view,
 The evening cloud, or morning dew ?
 Or, after rain, the wat'ry bow,
 Rise in the east a beauteous show ?

When darkness had o'erspread the skies,
 Hast thou e'er seen the moon arise ;
 And, with a mild and placid light,
 Shed lustre o'er the face of night ?

Hast thou e'er wander'd o'er the plain,
 And view'd the fields, and waving grain;
 The flow'ry mead, the leafy grove,
 Where all is melody and love?

Hast thou e'er trod the sandy shore,
 And heard the restless ocean roar,
 When roused by some tremendous storm,
 Its billows roll in dreadful form?

Hast thou beheld the lightning stream,
 Through night's dark gloom, with sudden gleam,
 While the bellowing thunder's sound,
 Roll'd rattling through the heavens profound?

Hast thou e'er felt the cutting gale,
 The sleety shower, the biting hail;
 Beheld bright snow o'erspread the plains,
 The water bound in icy chains?

Hast thou the various beings seen,
 That sport along the valley green;
 That sweetly warble on the spray,
 Or wanton in the sunny ray;

That shoot along the briny deep,
 Or under ground their dwellings keep,
 That through the gloomy forest range,
 Or frightful wilds, and deserts strange?

Hast thou the wond'rous scenes survey'd,
 That all around thee are display'd;
 And hast thou never rais'd thine eyes
 To HIM who caus'd these scenes to rise?

'Twas GOD who formed the concave sky,
 And all the shining orbs on high;

Who gave the various beings birth,
That people all the spacious earth.

'Tis he that bids the tempest rise,
And rolls the thunder through the skies
His voice the elements obey :
Through all the earth extends his sway.

His goodness all his creatures share ;
But *Man* is his peculiar care ;
Then while they all proclaim his praise,
Let *Man* his voice the loudest raise.

Praise to the Creator

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days ;
Bounteous source of ev'ry joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ !

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the gen'rous olive's use.

Flocks that whiten all the plain ,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain ;
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse ,

All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;

All that lib'ral autumn pours,
From her rich o'erflowing stores.

These to thee, my God, we owe,
Source from whence all blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise,
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit;

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sick'ning flock should fall,
And the herds desert the stall;

Should thine alter'd hand restrain
The early and the latter rain;
Blast each op'ning bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy;

Yet to thee my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise,
And, when ev'ry blessing's flown,
Love thee—for thyself alone.

Hymn to Contentment.

LOVELY, lasting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human kind!
Heav'nly born and bred on high,
To crown the fav'rites of the sky,

With more of happiness below,
 Than victors in a triumph know .
 Whither, oh whither art thou fled,
 To lay thy meek contented head ?
 What happy regions dost thou please
 To make the seat of calm and ease ?

Ambition searches all its sphere
 Of pomp and state to meet thee there ;
 Increasing avarice would find
 Thy presence in its gold enshrin'd :
 The bold adventurer ploughs his way
 Through rocks, amidst the foaming sea,
 To gain thy love ; and then perceives
 Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
 The silent heart which grief assails,
 Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
 Sees daisies open, rivers run,
 And seeks (as I have vainly done)
 Amusing thought ; but learns to know
 That solitude's the nurse of wo.
 No real happiness is found
 In trailing purple o'er the ground :
 Or in a soul exalted high,
 To range the circuit of the sky,
 Converse with stars above, and know
 All nature in its forms below :
 The rest it seeks, in seeking, dies ;
 And doubts at last for knowledge rise.

Lovely, lasting peace appear ;
 This world itself if thou art here,
 Is once again with Eden blest,
 And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus as under shade I stood,
 I sung my wishes to the wood,
 And lost in thought, no more perceiv'd
 The branches whisper as they wav'd :
 It seem'd as all the quiet place

Confess'd the presence of the grace ;
 When thus she spoke : " Go rule thy will,
 Bid thy wild passions all be still ;
 Know God, and bring thy heart to know
 The joys which from religion flow ;
 Then ev'ry grace shall prove its guest,
 And I'll be there to crown the rest.

Oh! by yonder mossy seat,
 In my hours of sweet retreat,
 Might I thus my soul employ,
 With sense of gratitude and joy,
 Rais'd as ancient prophets were,
 In heav'nly vision, praise, and pray'r ;
 Pleasing all men, hurting none ;
 Pleas'd and blest with God alone ;
 Then while the gardens take my sight,
 With all the colours of delight ;
 While silver waters glide along,
 To please my ear and court my song ;
 I'll lift my voice and tune my string,
 And thee, Great Source of Nature, sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,
 To light the world, and give the day ;
 The moon that shines with borrow'd light
 The stars that gild the gloomy night ;
 The seas that roll unnumber'd waves ;
 The wood that spreads its shady leaves ;
 The field whose ears conceal the grain,
 The yellow treasure of the plain :
 All, all of these, and all I see,
 Should be sung, and sung by me :
 They speak their Maker as they can,
 But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go search among your idle dreams,
 Your busy or your vain extremes ;
 And find a life of equal bliss,
 Or own the next begun in this."

Improvement of Time.

He mourns the dead, who lives as they desire.
 Where is that thrift, that avarice of 'Time,
 (Blest av'rice !) which the thought of death inspires !
 O time ! than gold more sacred ; more a load
 Than lead to fools : and fools reputed wise.
 What moment granted man without account ?
 What years are squander'd, wisdom's debt unpaid !
 Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door,
 Insidious death ; should his strong hand arrest,
 No composition sets the prisoner free.
 Eternity's inexorable chain
 Fast binds ; and vengeance claims the full arrear.
 How late I shudder'd on the brink ! how late
 Life call'd for her last refuge in despair !
 For what calls thy disease ? for moral aid :
 Thou think'st it folly to be wise too soon.
 Youth is not rich in time ; it may be poor ;
 Part with it as with money, sparing ; pay
 No moment, but in purchase of its worth :
 And what its worth, ask death-beds, they can tell
 Part with it as with life, reluctant ; big
 With holy hope of nobler time to come.

Is this our duty, wisdom, glory, gain ?
 And sport we, like the natives of the bough,
 When vernal suns inspire ? Amusement reigns,
 Man's great demand : to trifle is to live :
 And is it then a trifle too to die ?
 Who wants amusement in the flame of battle ?
 Is it not treason to the soul immortal,
 Her foes in arms, eternity the prize ?
 Will toys amuse, when med'cines cannot cure ?
 When spirits ebb, when life's enchanting scenes

Their lustre lose, and lessen in our sight ;
 (As lands, and cities with their glitt'ring spires
 To the poor shatter'd bark, by sudden storm
 Thrown off to sea, and soon to perish there :)
 Will toys amuse ?—No : thrones will then be toys
 And earth and skies seem dust upon the scale.

Redeem we time ?—its loss we dearly buy.
 What pleads Lorenzo for his high priz'd sports ?
 He pleads time's num'rous blanks ; he loudly pleads
 The straw-like trifles on life's common stream.
 From whom those blanks and trifles, but from thee ?
 No blank, no trifle, Nature made or meant.
 Virtue or purpos'd virtue, still be thine ;
 'This cancels thy complaint at once ; this leaves
 In act no trifle, and no blank in time.
 'This greatens, fills, immortalizes all :
 'This, the blest art of turning all to gold .
 'This, the good heart's prerogative to raise
 A royal tribute from the poorest hours.
 Immense revenue, every moment pays !
 If nothing more than purpose in thy power
 Thy purpose firm is equal to the deed :
 Who does the best his circumstance allows,
 Does well, acts nobly : angels could no more.
 Our outward act, indeed, admits restraint ;
 'Tis not in things o'er thought to domineer ;
 Guard well thy thoughts ; our thoughts are heard
 in heav'n.

On all-important time through ev'ry age,
 Tho' much, and warm, the wise have urg'd ; the man
 Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour.
 "I've lost a day"—the prince who nobly cried,
 Had been an emperor without his crown.
 He spoke as if deputed by mankind.
 So should all speak : so reason speaks in all.
 From the soft whispers of that God in man.

Why fly to folly, why to phrenzy fly,
 For rescue from the blessings we possess?
 Time, the supreme!—Time is eternity;
 Pregnant with all eternity can give;
 Pregnant with all that makes archangels smile
 Who murders time, he crushes in the birth
 A pow'r ethereal, only not ador'd.

The Common Lot.

ONCE in the flight of ages past,
 There lived a man :—and WHO WAS HE?
 —Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
 That Man resembled Thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
 The land in which he died, unknown,
 His name hath perish'd from the earth,
 This truth survives alone :

That joy and grief, and hope and fear
 Alternate triumph'd in his breast;
 His bliss and wo,—a smile, a tear
 —Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
 The changing spirits' rise and fall;
 We know that these were felt by him,
 For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd—but his pangs are o'er,
 Enjoy'd,—but his delights are fled;

Had friends,—his friends are now no more ;
And foes,—his foes are dead.

He loved,—but whom he loved, the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb :
O she was fair,—but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, Moon, and Stars, the earth and main
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

He saw whatever thou hast seen,
Encounter'd all that troubles thee ;
He was—whatever thou hast been ;
He is—what thou shalt be.

The clouds and sunbeams o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their records since the world began,
Of HIM afford no other trace
Than this,—THERE LIVED A MAN.

Home.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Belov'd by Heaven o'er all the world beside,
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons imparadise the night ;

A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
 Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth,
 The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
 The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
 Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
 Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
 In every clime the magnet of his soul,
 Touch'd by resemblance, trembles to that pole;
 For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
 The heritage of Nature's nobler race,
 There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest—
 Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
 His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
 While in his softened looks benignly blend
 The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend:
 Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
 Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life:
 Around her knees, domestic duties meet,
 And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
 "Where shall that land, that spot of earth be
 found?"
 Art thou a man, a patriot?—look around;
 O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
 That land thy COUNTRY, and that spot thy HOME.

The Victory.

It was a summer evening,
 Old Kasper's work was done,
 And he before his cottage door
 Was sitting in the sun,

And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
That he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found :
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kasper took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by ;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a mournful sigh,
“ ’Tis some poor fellow’s skull, (said he,)
Who fell in the *great victory*.”

“ I find them in my garden, for
There’s many here about :
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out ;
For many thousand men (said he,)
Were slain in the *great victory*.”

“ Now tell us what ’twas all about,”
Young Peterkin replies ;
And little Wilhelmine looks up,
With wonder-waiting eyes ;
“ Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for.”

“ It was the English, (Kasper said,)
Who put the French to rout :
But what they killed each other for,
I could not well make out ;
But every body said, (quoth he,)
That ’twas a *famous victory*.”

“ My father liv’d at Blenheim then,
 Yon little stream hard by ;
 They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
 And he was forc’d to fly ;
 So with his wife and child he fled,
 Nor had he where to rest his head.

“ With fire and sword the country round
 Was wasted far and wide ;
 And many a chiding mother then,
 And new-born infant died :
 But things like that, you know, must be
 At every *famous victory*.

“ They say it was a shocking sight,
 After the field was won ;
 For many thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun ;
 But things like that, you know, must be,
 After a *famous victory*.

“ Great praise the duke of Marlbro’ won
 And our good prince Eugene.”

“ Why, ’twas a very wicked thing !”
 Said little Wilhelmine :

“ Nay, nay, my little girl, (quoth he,)
 It was a *famous victory*.

“ And every body prais’d the Duke,
 Who such a fight did win.”

“ But what good came of it at last ?”
 Quoth little Peterkin ;

“ Why, that I cannot tell, (said he,)
 But ’twas a *famous victory*.”

Day—A Pastoral, in three parts.

MORNING.

In the barn the tenant cock,
 Close to Partlet perch'd on high
 Briskly crows, (the shepherd's clock!)
 Jocund that the morning's nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
 Shadows nurs'd by night, retire ;
 And the peeping sun-beam, now
 Paints with gold the village spire.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,
 Plaintive where she prates at night:
 And the lark to meet the morn,
 Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge,
 See the chatt'ring swallow spring ;
 Darting through the one-arch'd bridge,
 Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-tree's waving top,
 Gently greets the morning gale ;
 Kidlings now begin to crop
 Daisies on the dewy dale.

From the balmy sweets, uncloy'd,
 (Restless till her task be done,)
 Now the busy bee's employ'd,
 Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling through the crevic'd rock,
 Where the limpid stream distils,
 Sweet refreshment waits the flock,
 When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

Colin's for the promis'd corn,
 (Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)
 Anxious ;—while the huntsman's horn,
 Boldly sounding, drowns his pipe.

Sweet—O sweet, the warbling throng,
 On the white emblossom'd spray !
 Nature's universal song
 Echoes to the rising day.

NOON.

Fervid on the glitt'ring flood,
 Now the noontide radiance glows :
 Drooping o'er its infant bud,
 Not a dew-drop's left the rose.

By the brook the shepherd dines,
 From the fierce meridian heat,
 Sheltered by the branching pines,
 Pendant o'er his grassy seat.

Now the flocks forsake the glade,
 Where uncheck'd the sun-beams fall ,
 Sure to find a pleasing shade
 By the ivy'd abbey wall.

Echo, in her airy round,
 O'er the river, rock, and hill,
 Cannot catch a single sound,
 Save the clack of yonder mill.

Cattle court the zephyrs bland,
 Where the streamlet wanders cool,
 Or with languid silence stand
 Midway in the marshy pool.

But from mountain, dell, or stream,
 Not a flutt'ring zephyr springs ;
 Fearful lest the noontide beam
 Scorch its soft, its silken wings.

Not a leaf has leave to stir,
 Nature's lull'd—serene—and still ;
 Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,
 Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

Languid is the landscape round,
 Till the fresh descending show'r,
 Grateful to the thirsty ground,
 Raises ev'ry fainting flow'r.

Now the hill—the hedge—are green,
 Now the warbler's throat's in tune,
 Blithesome is the verdant scene,
 Brighten'd by the beams of Noon.

EVENING.

O'er the heath the heifer strays
 Free—(the furrow'd task is done ;) 
 Now the village windows blaze,
 Burnish'd by the setting sun.

Now he sets behind the hill,
 Sinking from a golden sky :
 Can the pencil's mimic skill
 Copy the refulgent dye ?

Trudging as the ploughmen go,
 (To the smoking hamlet bound,) 
 Giant-like their shadows grow,
 Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

Where the rising forest spreads
 Shelter for the lordly dome,
 To their high-built, airy beds,
 See the rooks returning home.

As the lark, with vary'd tune,
 Carols to the ev'ning loud ;

Mark the mild resplendent moon,
Breaking through a parted cloud.

Now the hermit owlet peeps
From the barn or twisted brake ;
And the blue mist slowly creeps,
Curling on the silver lake.

As the trout in speckled pride,
Playful from its bosom springs ;
To the banks a ruffled tide
Verges in successive rings.

Tripping through the silken grass
O'er the path-divided dale,
Mark the rose-complexion'd lass
With her well-pois'd milking pail !

Linnets with unnumber'd notes,
And the cuckoo bird with two,
Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
Bid the setting sun adieu.

The Universal Prayer

FATHER of all ! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord !

Thou GREAT FIRST CAUSE, least understood
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind ;

Yet gave me in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill :

And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away ;
For God is paid when man receives ;
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw ;
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay ;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way!

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's wo,
To hide the fault I see!
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath:
O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death!

'This day, be bread and peace my lot:

All else beneath the sun

Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,

And let thy will be done.

'To thee, whose temple is all space,

Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!

One chorus let all beings raise!

All nature's incense rise.

Address of a Gentleman's Skull.

WHY start! this case will thine be very soon,

In some few years, perhaps the coming moon.

Life at its utmost length, is scarce a breath,

And those who longest dream must wake in death.

Like thee, I once thought every bliss secure,

And gold of every ill the certain cure:

Till plung'd in sorrow, and besieg'd with pain,

Too late I found all earthly riches vain.

Disease made fruitless every sordid fee,

And death still answer'd, "What is gold to me?"

Fame, Titles, Honours, next I vainly sought,

And fools obsequious, nurs'd each childish thought:

Elate with brib'd applause, and purchas'd praise,

I built on endless grandeur, endless days;

Till death awoke me from the dream of pride,

And laid a prouder beggar by my side.

Pleasure I courted, and indulg'd my taste,

The banquet smil'd, and smil'd the gay repast.

A loathsome carcass was my only care,

And worlds were ransack'd but for me to share.

Go on, vain man! to luxury be firm;

Yet know thou featest but to feast a worm.

Already, sure, less terrible I seem:

Like me, thou sure wilt own, that life's a dream:

Farewell! remember, nor my words despise,

'The only happy are the early wise.'

Address of a Lady's Skull.

BLUSH not, ye fair, to own me, but be wise ;
 Nor turn from sad mortality your eyes.
 Fame says, and fame alone can tell how true,
 I once was lovely, and belov'd like you.
 Where are my vot'ries—where my flatt'ers now ;
 Gone with the subject of each lover's vow.
 Adieu the rose's red, the lily's white,
 Adieu those eyes, which made the darkness light.
 No more, alas ! that coral lip is seen,
 No longer breathes the fragrant gale between.
 Turn from your mirror, and behold in me,
 At once what thousands can't, or dare not see.
 Unvarnish'd I the real truth impart,
 Nor here am plac'd but to direct the heart :
 Survey me well, ye fair ones, and believe,
 The grave may terrify, but can't deceive.
 On beauty's fragile base no more depend :
 Here youth and pleasure, age and sorrow end ;
 Here drops the mask—here shuts the final scene,
 Nor differs grave threescore from gay fifteen.
 All press alike to that same goal, the tomb,
 Where wrinkled Laura smiles at Chloe's bloom.
 When coxcombs flatter, and when fools adore,
 Learn here the lesson to be vain no more.
 Yet virtue still against decay can arm,
 And even lend mortality a charm.

THE END

1000
all
nothing
of

Joseph Pettigrew

was Born June 1st 1828

J. S. J.

Dear Sir

Wm. Langham

P. W. W. W.

[Faint, illegible handwriting on aged paper]

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